

Cyrus the Great:
OR, THE
Tragedy of Love.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
Little - Lincoln's - Inn - Fields,
BY
His Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN BANKS.

LONDON,

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John and Anna. 1811.

7. 8.

This May 18. 1811.

John and Anna.

John and Anna.

John and Anna. 1811.

TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
Princess ANNE
O F
DENMARK.

Madam,

I Confess I am so transported at the Honour You have done this poor Play, that I know not in what Terms to pay my Devotion to Your Highness; I am not insensible too of my own Unworthiness, and that it is a Presumption even in the best of this Kind, to think to gain Admittance into the Closet

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of so Great a Princess ; But when I consider that no Present, of what Value soever, can be made suitable to One of Your Illustrious Character , It gives me Encouragement to hope this Trifle may not be less Acceptable to Your Royal Goodness, than a Pitcher of Water was to the Great Monarch of the World, from the Hands of a Mean Soldier. 'Twere Prophaneness in me any longer to divert with my rude Pen Your Divine Thoughts and Precious Moments, that are still employ'd Above, in imploring Blessings for the Nation, and more prophane to fully the Chrystral Mirrour of so many Incomparable Virtues with the coarse Breath of Mortal Praise.

I most humbly ask Leave then to withdraw from a Subject so much above my Capacity and Merit ; (a Task fit only for the Angels You converse with,) and pray my Muse may have the Happiness to conclude, who groans to be deliver'd of her Duty, in these Homely, but Hearty Thanks.

Accept,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Accept, Great *Princes*, this small Offering,
This humble Mite I to your Treasure bring,
The poor mean Present of a bended Muse,
Amidst the Heaps of all the Wealthier *Jews*,
A banish'd Play that tedious Years had mourn'd,
Blest with your favour, by your Smiles return'd,
Writ and design'd for this Immortal Grace,
E're my then happier * *Favourite* took place ;
But tho' the Younger first the Blessing had,
This brings no less Devotion that has stay'd :
The grateful Peasant thus before he's stor'd,
Gives his first Fruits of Plenty to his Lord.
Since this had never liv'd but for your sake,
'Tis just I give you what your self did make :
For the Great *Cyrus* being but a Child,
And in his Cradle destin'd to be kill'd,
Your Highness his Divine *Panthea* now,
Has rais'd him both to Empire and to You.
The God of Love, who in the Scene departs,
Bequeaths to You his Quiver and his Darts,
And, what is more, his Title to all Hearts.
Whilst at your Feet, the mighty Monarch lays
His conquer'd Crowns, as humbly I the Bays.
Happy was He that Presence to ingage,
That chear'd the World, and brought to Life the Stage,
Where the sad Muses, since they lost their Queen,
Ne'er till that Day did tune their Songs agen.
The ravish'd Crowds ador'd You as You rode,
Like Spring in *April* coming first abroad.
My humble Muse, then, that did groveling lye,
Soar'd like an Eagle through the Vaulted Sky,

* Earl of
Essex.

Forgot

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Forgot the Disappointments that she had,
Rav'd with frantic Joy, and ran with Pleasure mad :
Queen of Scots. Two Labours of her Brain, this *Play* the third,
Lady Jane Grey. Through Spite and Envy were the Stage debarr'd,
Cast and ne'er Try'd. Condemn'd and never Heard. }
Thus droop'd your Poet, saw his Laurels stain'd,
Or robb'd by Others who more favour gain'd ;
But time he hopes, and Pity in your Breast,
Will bring 'em both to Life, as this is blest.

Your Royal Highness's

most humble, most devoted,

and most obedient Servant,

J. Banks.

P R O-

PROLOGUE TO HER Royal Highness.

When all that we thought great and good was gone,
And the whole World did in that Deluge drown,
When mourning Cupids flagg'd their tender Wings,
And the sad Muses broke their warbling Strings ;
When she was fled that shin'd with Pity here,
What cou'd revive the drooping Theatre ! —
But from the Phoenix Ashes in their Spice,
Loe, I beheld another Goddess rise,
All Blessings that with her, great Princess, flew,
Can never be restor'd us, but in You.
The Dove in the glad Ark was not so kind,
Who brought the Olive, and reviv'd Mankind.
The Laurels fading now behind our Scene,
Like Virgil's Grotto, shall be ever green.
Let conquering William send abroad his Darts,
Secure for him you rule his Peoples Hearts.
And his soft Pledge only her self withdrew,
Whilst all her Miracles succeed in You :
Then let's to Heav'n in loudest Anthems sing
That such bright Hopes we have, and such a King.

Dramatis

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Forgot the Disappointments that she had,
Rav'd with fierce Joy, and ran with Pleasure mad :
Queen of Scots.
Lady Jane Grey.
Two Labours of her Brain, this *Play* the third,
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Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Cyrus the Great.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Cyaxares, King of Media.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Hyftaspes, Kinsman to Cyrus.</i>	<i>Mr. Kynaston.</i>
<i>Cræsus, King of Lydia.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Abradatas, King of Susa.</i>	<i>Mr. Hudson.</i>
<i>Artabasus, Friend to Cyaxares.</i>	<i>Mr. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Thomyris, Queen of Scythia.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bowtell.</i>
<i>Panthea, her Daughter.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Lausaria, Daughter to Cræsus.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Officers, Guards, Women, and Attendance.</i>	

Scene the Camp near Babylon.

Cyrus

Cyrus the Great.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

The Scene a wide spacious Land, ruinous and almost cover'd with dead Bodies, suppos'd to be after a great Battel, wherein Cyrus had Overthrown Crœsus.

Enter Cyaxares, Artabasus, Officers and Attendants.

Cyax. STAND.

S *Art. Stand—'Tis the King's Pleasure each Commander
Draw up his Men, and close upon this Heath.*

Cyax. How far have we to *Cyrus's* Camp from hence ?
And how far distant do th' *Affyrians* lie ?
Where stands this great and mighty *Babylon*,
The Mistress of the World, the glorious City ?
Whose proud, ambitious Arms have still inclos'd
The greatest Emperors that ever were ?
So Proud, so Vain, and Awful was she once,
She almost reach'd the Heavens with her Tow'rs.

Art. Just from th' ascent of that small rising Hill,
And but a few Miles distant, you may see
The three great Miracles of all the Earth ;
Nearest in view your Faithful Valiant *Medians*,
With all the rest of your Confed'rates lie,
Compos'd of fierce *Hyrcanian* Horse,
Armenian Foot, and brave *Cadusian* Archers.
The Troop of *Cyrus* own Immortal Guards,
The *Persian* *Homotymis*, each nobly Born,
Valiant and Wise enough to be a General——
These are ordain'd to hold the World in Chains,
With *Cyrus*, God-like *Cyrus* at their Head.

Cyrus the Great : Or,

Cyax. Cyrus! Thou speak'st as if thou ne'er hadst knewn
Astyages, or wert thy self no Mede —
 Answer me not, but as you did, go on.

Arta. Distant from *Cyrus's* Camp, some twenty Furlongs,
 And just as many from the Imperial Town,
 Lies the great Army of th' *Affyrian* King,
 Fill'd up with such a multitude of Nations,
 You'd think that all the Living of the World
 Were there assembl'd to defie the Gods,
 Not fight with *Cyrus* —
 Betwixt these Armies, as the Prize of all,
 Stands the bright Virgin Queen, rich *Babylon*,
 Incouraging the Soldiers on each side,
 As if she said, that she and all the World,
 Were, till this great decision, set at Stake,
 To come in Triumph to the Victor's Arms.

Offic. Her Spires and Temples so with Beauty shine,
 Did not the Smoak which from both Armies rise,
 Eclipse the Light, you might with wonder see
 She than the Sun wou'd make a brighter Day.

Cyax. A brave Reward, more worth than is the danger !
 But I unmanly come to share the Spoil,
 Without the hazarding of one poor Battel ;
 All's done already, no more Crowns to win,
 Those that have scap'd, are all for shelter run
 Under the Wings of this huge Armies Body —
 This is the Field whose sad remains can tell
 Of *Cræsus's* late and dreadful Overthrow —
 Behold the Triumph of unstable Fortune !
 Are these the Men that made such mighty noise !
 How they lie low, cut off like wither'd Corn,
 Where proudly once they flourish'd, and grew up.
Cræsus the Rich, the Happy, and the Wise,
 His Scale of Fortune now that lies so low,
 Gives *Cyrus* leave to mount and touch the Sky.

Arta. A fatal Glory fires ambitious Man,
 That is for ever with destruction gotten,
 Bright Ruine is the gilding of his Doys,
 And humbl'd Nations with his height must fall.
 Our Eyes no other Objects can behold,
 But near and distant Plains all harras'd o'er,
 And great and beauteous Palaces unveil'd.

Cyax. No Corn does here inrich the bloody Field,
 Nor Gras adorn the Meads with wanton Green ;
 The Trees, the Earth's tall Sons, are all cut off,
 All Places mourn where *Cyrus's* Horse has trod.

Offic. The poor and plunder'd Peasants peep abroad

With

The Tragedy of Love.

3

With piteous Eyes and Hands lift up to Heav'n,
To see their Labour turn'd to dismal Spoil,

Arta. So Shipwrack'd Passengers cast on the Shore,
That but a few past moments saw themselves
Rich in a Calm, watching the Tides decrease,
Pick up small pieces of their scatter'd Wealth,
Which the relenting Waves left on the Sands—
The utmost Corners of the World have heard him,
And frighted at the Trumpet of his Fame,
Have straight obey'd. — All Mortal Eyes look up,
Nay, God's themselves with Envy now look down
Upon the growth of this prodigious Man,
Wond'ring as they behold such monstrous Greatness,
How they so lavishly decreed.

Cyax. No more, get thee to *Cyrus* back,
Do, and forget what late thou wert, when first
I moulded thee from humble Earth, and plac'd
Thee o'er the Heads of twenty thousand Great Ones;
And thou for this, e're *Cyrus* dawn, declin'd
Thy Royal Master, left me in a time,
When he, with all his Train of early Hopes
Cou'd scarcely comprehend the meane Star,
Dropt from the Sphere where all my Deeds are written.

Arta. O pardon, Royal Sir, my Love to *Cyrus*
Is but what you out of excess may spare ;
It runs to him in narrow, shallow Streams,
But never ceases to o'erflow the Fountain.

Cyax. Ah ! *Artabasus*, wert not thou to blame,
To counsel me to give the Reins to *Cyrus*,
Pleas'd me with Hopes, and fed my longing Ears
With cunning Tales, of this ambitious Boy,
And when my self wou'd fain have lead my Armies,
Made me lie down in Sloth, yielding to him
These Hands, these Feet, my Legions, and my Strength,
And left me then a weak and limble Body,
Drench'd in Delights, and drown'd in studied Pleasures.
Bane to my Bliss, and my Renown for ever !
How canst thou answer this ? —

Arta. If you will hear —

Cyax. Why Father, great *Astyages*, did not
Thy Martial Ghost affright me in this Slumber ?
Call to my Mind the Deeds that thou hast done,
When Young, and scarcely risen from my Cradle,
Thou leadst me round the Frontiers of the Globe,
And brought me to a Nation blest by Heav'n,
Elysium sure it was, a Land of Wonders,
Whole Leaves and Trees still blossom'd like the Spring,

And

And Fields were clad with everlasting Green ;
 Its Streams ran Chrystral, and its Sands were Gold.
 This Orient Miracle shone like a Gemm
 Sate in the golden Circle of the World,
 So swarm'd on by the fairest of the Living ;
 As if't had been indeed that happy Place
 Where Souls are blest with an Eternal Being :
 For there no Want was found, but all Increase
 Sprung from the great and unknown Deity.
 Through this Immortal Land we pierc'd our Arms,
 Climbing the lofty Hills that rear'd the City,
 And from their Temple built of shining Gold,
 Bore all the holy Vessels of their God,
 And took Five hundred thousand Slaves away.

*Thunder and Lightning, Darkness seems to cover
 the Field.*

Heark, heark—— A horrid Thunder sounds at distance.

Arta. Now here it answers with a Force as dreadful——
 A sudden Darkness seems to spread the Field——
 There you may see that cloudy Curtain drawn,
 Whilst Lightning rushes from the parting Heav'ns,
 And to my wond'ring Eyes discovers Swarms
 Of hellish Insects flying in the Air.

Cyax. The Gods are sportive sure, and seem to mock
 At what bold *Cyrus* has perform'd below.

Arta. The Scene of Horrour yet discloses further——
 My Sight deceives me if I do not see
 Spirits descend into their Humane Forms
 Again, and the dead Bodies slain by *Cyrus*
 Begin to move.

Cyax. Something does tread the Ground——
 Look, *Artabasus*, see, what monstrous things
 Betwixt a Mortal and a Devil's Shape,
 Are those ?

Arta. I see distinctly now, and I'll
 Release you from your Wonder—— These are Witches,
 Or Wizards else, that all this Land is fam'd for——
 What Nation is there but has oft been told
 Strange Tales of the Chaldean Sorcerers.
 When they wou'd know th' Event of things on Earth,
 Like ravenous Vultures haunting bloody Battels,
 They still attend the Fortune of the Field,
 When they may exercise their loathsome Charms
 And hateful Practices upon the Dead.
 With Sulph'rous Herbs, and devillish Incantations.

They

They wrack their quiet Spirits in the Shades,
Driving their Souls back to their Flesh again,
And force 'em to reveal what's writ below,
What Heav'n had bound up in the Book of Fate.
Th' Infernal Gods are master'd by their Power,
Or else perswaded by some Piety
That pleases them ; deny these Wretches nothing.

[*Dance of Wizards.*

Witches SONG.

- 1 Witch. *Sisters, Whilſt I thus wave my Wand,
Charming the Ground on which we stand ;
Invoke the Spirit of this Slain,
Its Body to inform again :
Some of Deucalion's Seeds I've found,
That rais'd Mankind when all was drown'd.*
- 2 Witch. *Mummy with Cats Blood did I boil,
I'll chafe his Temples with the Oil.*
- 3 Witch. *To fume his Nostrils, lo, I bring
A Feather from the Phœnix Wing.*
- 4 Witch. *I'll wash his Joints with Liquor brought
From Ælon's Bath, which Wonders wrought.*

CHORUS.

*He stirs, he stirs ; Rise and foretell
This list'ning Monarch's Fate from Hell.*

Cyax. Behold— Look yonder— Is not that a Man,
That rises from amongst the Heaps of slain,
And with an awful March comes steady towards us ?

*A dead Carkass of one of the slain rises, and comes to
them upon the Stage.*

Arta. Fear't not, my Lord— See, it wou'd speak.
Dead Cark. From the dark Region of Eternal Night,
Where numerous Souls in mingled Tortures live,
And fry like Atomes in the Sun-beams Heat ;
Alternately from Flames and then to Frost ;
First dipp'd into a liquid Fire, and thence
Whole Shoals are plung'd into a Deep of Ice :
Whilst Pluto's great *Divan* in Council sit,
T'invent new Plagues to practise on the Damn'd.
From thence, as I stood gazing on the Lake,
Waiting my Passage to that place of Horrour,

Cyrus the Great : Or,

A Summons from the Fiery King was sent
 By *Charon* brought, wherein I was commanded
 By Power on Earth, which that in Hell controll'd,
 That I shou'd straight glide back into the World,
 Quick as pent Light disclos'd, it self disperses,
 And re assumes this Corpse yet uninterr'd,
 Till *Cyaxares* Ears had reach'd my Charge,
 What of thy Fates decreed, which I shall speak,
 And *Pluto* dictate— This the Oracle.
 In vain's thy vast Ambition and thy Envy,
 A Genius yet more great shall conquer thine,
 And when thy Rashness leads thee next to fight,
 To *Cyrus* Glories thou shalt add thy Life,
 And leave thy Empires, and thy Darling Crowns,
 To be posses'd by him whom Fate adores,
 Whom, for a time, Heav'n, Hell, and all the World
 Obey— I am recall'd,— my Task is done,
 And subtil Fiends come thronging to the Light
 To drive me into Torments back again.

[Falls down again.]

Cyax. Ha ! Art thou fall'n ! Stay, speak, who sent thee, Soldier ?
 What greater Devil lurking here on Earth
 Made the black God obey his threatening Summons,
 And charm'd the Powers of Hell to my Destruction ?

Arta. A meer cold Clod, a bloody mangl'd Coarse.

Cyax. Here, take this hellish Carkas,
 And throw it to wild Beasts to be devour'd—
 What, hast thou Hell invok'd too on thy side ?
 Can *Cyrus* trust his helping Gods no more ?
 So little do I fear thee now, false *Persian*,
 That, stoodst thou guarded like the King of Furies,
 Ten thousand glaring Spirits round about thee,
 With burning Tridents, and hot Scourges arm'd,
 To hurry me from Earth like Mortal damn'd,
 I'd through 'em all to meet thee, daring Boy.

Arta. Recall your Temper, Sir, and blame not *Cyrus*,
 Who, bating his Ambition, still is Virtuous.
 His Soul, pure as the first created Mortals,
 Who in the Worlds prime Innocence began,
 'Ere Lust and Power defac'd the tender Image,
 And crept into the Frailties of Mankind—
 This was perform'd by some Magician's Art,
 At the Command of the *Affyrian* Monarch,
 Who, since his late Defeat, basely and cowardly,
 Is forc'd to have recourse to Hellish Tricks,
 And in his sinking State catches at Air,
 Grasps any thing to save him from o'erwhelming.

The Tragedy of Love.

7

The Gods will guard you through an Host of Devils,
Then as Hell's Malice only this esteem.

[Noises of singing within.

Cyax. Whence comes this Sound of Musick, and of Voices?

[Captain goes off.

Am I awake! Is't real *Artabasus*
That we have seen, or that we now do hear?

[Captain re-enters.

Capt. The brave *Hydaspe*, Sir, is just arriv'd,
With Presents from his Royal Master *Cyrus*
To *Cyaxares* his Imperial Uncle.

Enter to them *Hydaspe*, with *Panthea*, *Women*,
and *Attendants*.

SONG.

1.

Heark how the Trumpet and the Drums,
With dismal Voice proclaim she comes,
Whilst we that Victory despise,
Where Valour blushes at the Prize.

2.

The Royal Captive now appears,
A Beauty sinking under Showers of Tears.
Love's Queen in Chains, fetter'd are all her Charms,
And uselesse lie her little Heroes Arms.

3.

And yet the Conquerour shall yield,
And give up all the Trophies of the Field;
Shall kiss that Sceptre, which the World does sway,
And at his Captive's Feet his Laurels lay.
How pleasing is the Pain a Lover feels,
Glad to be chain'd to Beauty's Chariot Wheels.

CHORUS.

Such is the Force of Love! the Great, the Brave,
All must submit, sometime put on the Slave.

Cyax. Blest Sight! and happy *Cyrus* much more blest,
That in thy boundless Prodigality,
Canst throw away so rich, Immense Delights,
And scatter Pleasures as the Gods do Blessings.

[Panthea and her Maids weep.

[Hydaspe kneels.

Hyf.

Hyſt. The Great, the Valiant, and the faithful *Cyrus*,
 The Light of Empires, and the World's great Soul,
 To whom all Nations bend, bids me to kneel
 To his dear Uncle, Father, Master *Cyaxares*,
 And as an earnest of succeeding Glories,
 Lay here the Queen of Beauty at your Feet.
 Not Crowns nor Kingdoms does he send by me,
 Those he reserves with all Religious Duty
 To plant himself about your Royal Temples,
 And with his own Victorious Hands to give you
 More Laurels, and more heaps of Monarchs Riches,
 Then e're adorn'd the Shrines of Deities;
 And her whose so much celebrated Charms
 Made all the World, and *Cyrus* Ears in Love,
 Yet wou'd not your brave Nephew trust his Eyes
 With the least sight of what they so much long'd for,
 Lest they shou'd Rivals prove to *Cyaxares*.

Cyax. Are these, O Love, Rewards of Victory!
 Or the bleſt Consorts of the Gods themselves,
 By some more aw'd Divinity brought thence,
 Leaving th' Immortals mourning Widowers——
 But what is ſhe that shines above the rest,
 As *Cynthia* does amongſt her Starry Train,
 Shedding more precious Eſſence from her Eyes
 Then *Phœbus* wantonly each Morning draws
 From Beds of Violets, or the Dew of Roses——
 Speak thou more fair than fineſt thought can form,
 Or but thy ſelf, the Sun did ever ſee.

Hyſt. God's! Was *Hyſtaspeſ* born to be your hatred?
 Is it her Griefs, or what, that makes this change
 Within my Boſom? I wou'd no call it Love——
 O *Cyrus*, hadſt thou view'd these dangerous Beauties,
 Thou hadſt not mark'd thy Friend out to be wretched.

Cyax. What, not a Word t'inrich thy humble Creature?
 There is no Goddess that can ſpeak like thee——
 Thy Griefs keep concord with thy Virgins Songs,
 Who, to thy Sorrows, ſet their warbling Notes,
 Whilſt thou add'ſt Tears to ev'ry Syllable,
 And with thy Sighs, gives the ſad Tunes the Time;
 Or was not this the Muſick of the Spheres,
 Never before made known to mortal ſence,
 And thou the Goddess of that happy Place.

Hyſt. Sir, ſhe's *Panthea*.
 The fam'd fair Daughter of the *Scytian* Queen.

Pantb. O! yes, tell all my Woes too if thou canſt,
 And tell 'em with a Grace, that I may ſooth
 My many Sorrows to a little reſt.

The Tragedy of Love.

9

For I shall never say 'em in an Age.
I have a thousand swelling in my Soul,
Struggling at once, and rushing to get foremost,
So I can speak of neither, but at last
Call to my Aid my Sex's feeble temper,
And draw the full Vapour into Tears.

Cyax. Divine Panthea—

Panthea. Call me what I am,
Tell me not what I was—I was *Panthea*,
Panthea rich in Friends, blest as their Hopes,
Prais'd and belov'd, or I was grossly flatter'd,
Who, from the fondness of my Parent's Arms,
(Hanging still round my Childish Infancy)
Found no false Change, no waining of my Joys,
But ev'ry day increas'd my Happiness;
And the same Stars that smil'd upon my Birth
Seem'd still to tempt, and draw all Eyes to me;
All Knees, all Hearts did bend where e'er I came,
And blest me as their Goddess, or the Spring;
And till this day, of all my Age accurst,
I never knew what a worse Moment was.

Hyſt. O thou art lost, undone Hyſtaspeſ quite,
The Glory of the Battel owes to thee,
But this bright Victim makes the Victor bluſh—
Yet to revenge me on my ſelf, and Crime,
If *Cyrus* will not grant her Liberty,
I'll do't my ſelf, with forfeit of my Life.

Cyax. Go on, go on, thou charming Creature, do,
Each Word leaves Bliss and Wonder in my Soul.

Panthea. But oh! now to repeat the Summ of all,
That which methinks shou'd ſtrike the Hearers dead.
When my full Joys had ripen'd for Enjoyment,
And I wrap'd up in harmless Extasie,
To ſuch a height I ſaw no ground below,
And thought the Glafs of that bleſt Hour wou'd ne'er
Be run, I mean (Gods, give me leave to ſay it)
As my dear Mother in the Temple gave me
A happy Bride, in ſhew to *Abraſatas*,
The Brave, and moſt Heroick King of *Suſa*—
Scarce had the Priests the Holy Rites perform'd,
When ſtraight the Trumpets call'd, and Battel join'd,
Cyrus approaching with a fatal Charge
On *Crœſus*, and the Forces of our Army;
Then was my Love ſnatch'd from my Virgin Arms
To his Command, and I ran breathles on the Walls
To ſee my *Abraſatas* Fight, and Conquer;
But ſoon, methought, I ſaw him round incloſ'd

C

With

With Enemies, which fight so snatch'd my Senses,
 That on a sudden follow'd by my Women,
 I found me in our Camp, not knowing how
 I went, nor waking from that wretched Slumber,
 Till I was brought a Prisoner to *Hydaspe*.

Cyax. Ah sweet *Panthea*! if thy Sorrows move so,
 What canst thou do, dispersing Smiles around thee?
 But oh the thoughts! I'll tear 'em from my Breast,
 Pull out the Seeds just rooting in my Heart,
 And die rather than live with the disgrace——
 Down, down, thou fair infectious Charm of Beauty,
 Down to thy first Abyss from whence thou camest,
 Where Light lay hid, when all things were a *Chaos*,
 Thou cheat of Sence, and blinder of all Eyes——

Cyrus is boasting now of his design,
 That laid these Nets of *Beauty* in my march,
 To stop my fair and quick return to *Glory*——

Away thou sweet destroyer of my Fame——
Hydaspe, haste with thy fair Charmer hence;
 Go tell thy Master all that thou hast seen
 Of *Cyaxares*; tell him that *Panthea*

Shou'd be esteem'd as Heav'n and Heav'nly Joys,
 Not to be tasted by a Man, and live,
 Therefore I give her to the Stars, from whence
 She came——Bid *Cyrus* do the like——Begone,
 Quickly, least I shou'd wish to look again.

Pan. Ten thousand Glories crown your Head for this,
 May this brave Action make your Name and Bliss
 Renown'd on Earth, as is the God of War,
 And when in Heav'n, a bright shining Star.

Hyd. I am amaz'd——Can this be real, Sir?
 I dare not tell the King of your refusal.

Cyax. Do it, I charge thee, and inform him too,
 That *Cyaxares* comes to meet him straight,
 With Courage awful as *Astyages*,
 When *Cyrus*, but a prating Boy, admir'd him,
 Look'd from the Ground, ador'd his Majesty,
 And fear'd him like a God——Go from my Eyes——
 Remove those gay bright *Spirits* that forerun
 A Storm.

Hyd. Come Madam.
Pant. To kind Death, I hope——

Brave *Cyaxares*.

Cyax. O speak no more——Thou conqu'ring Beauty go——
 There lies your Path——We must take several ways;
 If you look back, my ling'ring Virtue stays.

[*Exeunt severally.* *Exeunt Omnes.*
Finis Actus Primus. *Actus*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Cyrus discovered upon his Throne in Triumph amongst his Captains and Soldiers. Cræsus bound ready for Execution.

Cyr. **E**nough—These splendid Vanities I loath,

[Sounds of Triumphs.

The boast of Fools, and Pageanty of Cowards ;
It sits too heavy on your Cyrus Arms—
O let me rise, and let 'em loose, my Soldiers,
To throw about your Necks, and thus embrace
My Valiant Friends, and all my brave Confed'rates,
By whose sole Aid (Gods be my Witnesses)
I own it with a Pride, I have restor'd
The World to its dear antient Liberty,
Freed Captiv'd Nations from their Tyrant's Yoaks,
And plac'd 'em on the Necks of barb'rous Kings,
Trod down the Walls of fam'd *Semiramis*,
That founded first this *Asian* Monarchy ;
Made my Commands in one quick Moment spread
Like Thunder terrible through all the City.
But let's no more afflict this Monarch's Spirit,
But grant him that which ev'ry gallant Soul
In vast distress requires— a speedy Death—
Away with him, and having plac'd him on
The Fuel, let it blaze, a just Reward
For him that has so long set all the World
In Flames—Quick, take him hence—

[As they are carrying off Cræsus to Execution, Cyrus calls him back.

Cræs. O Solon ! Solon ! Solon !

Cyr. Stay, bring him back, say, What does Cræsus mean ?
I did expect thou shouldst have ask'd thy Life,
And thou in scorn of me call'ft loud for Solon—
Can Solon save thee from the Wrath of Cyrus ?

Cræs. No, 'tis too late, but that which made me call
On Solon was, to my remembrance came
The Sentence of that Wise and Learned Teacher,
Which I till now contemn'd, 'Twas in the midst
Of all my Glories, Children, Friends, and Riches,
Thinking my self, no God cou'd be more happy,

I sent for *Solon* to resolve this Question—
 Tell me, said I, who is the happiest Man
 On Earth: but *Solon* answer'd, there was none,
 None cou'd be truly happy whilst he liv'd.
 I ask'd him then, who 'twas he thought was happiest,
 Expecting that he shou'd have said, 'twas *Cræsus*;
 But he reply'd, the happiest Man he thought
 Was *Tellus*, once a Citizen of *Atbens*,
 A Man that had no mean nor mighty Fortune;
 His Wife not fair, nor homely, but belov'd,
 And virtuous, and his Children all obedient,
 Who, like the first Man, liv'd in Paradice,
 And never press'd the Strangers luscious Fruits,
 Nor drank but what his own full Vines did yield;
 Fed on the Flesh of his own teeming Flocks,
 And wore no Cloaths but what their Backs afforded;
 In his own Pale grew all his Sustenance,
 And in his Bosom all the World's content.

Cyr. How brook you then your fall'n and lost Estate?
 Methinks with brave Contempt you bear your Chains,
 And *Cræsus* looks as if he spurn'd his Fate.

Cræs. So much my Mind does soar above my Fortune,
 That I behold with greater scorn these Bonds,
 Than thou born up with the World's flattering Wings
 Look'st down on me that am thy Slave— Yet in
 Despite of all thou canst, I'm *Cræsus* still.

Cyr. 'Tis bravely said, and spoken like a King—
 I have been told, that in thy spring of Glory
 Thou didst consult the *Delpick* Oracle,
 And kneel'd before the God days numberless,
 Made rich *Apollo*'s Shrines with such vast Presents,
 As did excel what the Earth's Bowels hold,
 Might make a Ransom wou'd restore the World,
 Were't threatn'd to be ruin'd by the Gods.

Cræs. All this, nay more, the God did heap upon me,
 My Children, Friends, and Kingdoms so increas'd,
 That *Europe* cou'd not bound my spreading Empire,
 Nor *Asian* Cities number out my Wealth.

Cyr. The God was grateful to thee for a while:
 But by what wonderful neglect of thine
 Hast thou since lost the Merit of his Bounty?

Cræs. I'll tell thee all with a prodigious Patience—
 Having at length tir'd out th' relenting God
 With my unwear'd steps, ne'er ceasing Pray'rs,
 This Answer I receiv'd from the bright Altar—
Cræsus no more— Let *Cræsus* know himself,
 And be to his Life's end, shall happy be.—

The Tragedy of Love.

13

These Words so much exalted my frail Mind,
That then, methought, I reign'd not amongst Men,
But rul'd the Sky, and saw the Stars below me ;
My Wealth, my Friends were numberless as Sands,
Still no Storm grew upon my smiling Days ;
No Cross, nor Rub lay in my smooth State's way,
No Vision was so calm as was my Life ;
Elisium envy'd my strange Bliss, and wonder'd.

Cyr. Now by the Gods, thy Blessings were so rare,
So very sensible thy Losses move,
That my stout Heart begins to pity thee.

Cræs. Look to thy self, thy Fortunes reach their highest,
Mine touch the Ground, and can no lower be ;
I from this Hour begin to know my self,
And from that Knowledge I renew my Joys — —
But as I told thee, so my Life continu'd
In its still smiling Form and Flattery,
Till thou, swift Harbinger of Death and Ruine,
Hast let the Ocean in on *Cræsus* Glories,
And left him poor, bereft of all, but what thou seest.

Cyr. Despair not, *Cræsus*, thou art still the same ;
What *Solon* and the Gods have said is true,
And *Cyrus*, as a Servant of the Oracle,
Obeys thy Fortune, and absolves thy Doom — —
Unbind him straight, unbind those sacred Hands,
Set fire with speed to the vast Fun'ral Pile
That was design'd to burn the pious King,
And Sacrifice thereon a hundred Heads
Of Oxen, dedicated to the Gods ;
Augment the Flames with rich *Arabian* Gumms,
With Pearls, and Spice sent from the Kings of *India* — —
My Laurels, Standards, and my Crowns shall burn,
T' atone the Gods, rather than one dear Hair
Of Virtue perish — — Come, then to my Arms,
And shew me how to be a King indeed,
Solon taught thee, and thou shalt teach thy *Cyrus*.

Cræs. O mighty Prince ! Thou much more God than Man !
My emulating Soul flaggs at thy Sight,
The Genius of the World must bow to thine ;
And all the Virtues of Mankind together
Make but dimm Light before thy beauteous Presence.

Cyr. Your Children, and your Wives receive again,
With all those Kindoms you by Right were born to.
Sardis, wherein lies heap'd, both yours, and most
Of *Asia*'s Wealth, I'll save from Death, and Plunder ;
Only for Ransom some few Sums extract,
To reward my Soldiers, and divert their Hopes

From

From Expectations of so great a Ruine ;
Then *Cræsus* dwell for ever in my Breast.

Cræs. My Thanks are too too great to be express'd,
I can no more then hoard 'em in my Thoughts,
And pay you Blessings as I wou'd *Apollo*.

May *Cræsus* meet the Death that was prepar'd,
When he for Love of Empire, Wife or Children,
Forsakes his Prince, and leaves to follow *Cyrus*.

Enter Lausaria attended.

Laus. Where's this Divine, this Miracle of Virtue ;
This Rival to the Merciful above ?
Shew me the Face of this exalted Man,
Who stood betwixt the Vengeance of the Gods,
And from the dreadful Pile of flaming Ruine,
Has snatch'd a King, and sav'd my Father's Life ;
Let me ador the Ground his Steps have bless'd,
And kiss the Feet of the Immortal *Cyrus*.

Cræs. Great Prince, my Daughter, and your meanest Handmaid,
Cyr. How, *Cræsus* ! Now by th' sacred Sun she's fair —
Rise, or I blush at this unseemly Posture.

Laus. Here let me fix — You shou'd be thus ador'd,
Thou Blessing of all Eyes, thou Heavenly Wonder —
Indeed I ne'er did see a God till now —
Where have I liv'd ? — The Mountain, Cottage Girl,
That in her homely Life ne'er saw a Man
Above the Keeper of the neighb'ring Herds,
Cou'd not approach you with such Joy and Terrour,
As I do now ; so much you do excell
The little World that I have still been bred in.

Cyr. Thou pretty'ſt Innocence as ever talk'd,
Look back upon thy ſelf, diſperſe thine Clouds,
These forrowful Looks that hide from thine own Eyes
Their Brightneſs, and thy near-approaching Joy.
To morrow is the Day, no longer then to morrow
Gives all thy Wishes and Revenge a Crown.
When *Balbazar*'s laſt Stake, and hated Life
I'll ſacrifice to peafe the faireſt injur'd,
And thy dumb Brother's Ghost ſhall from *Elifium*
Rife in a Form Divine, and bleſs thy Beauties.

Offic. *Hyſtaspeſ* is return'd, and brings with him
The Newes of *Cyaxares* his approach.

Laus. Go on ; whilſt I retire to pray,
Lausaria's Guardian-Deity you are ;
But turn : Oh turn that awful Look away,
My Eyes cannot endure the pointed Ray ;
Spare it to conquer *Balbazar* in Fight,
For Beauty trembles at the ſtrange Delight ;
And if a Virgins Wish can proſper thee,

[Enter Officer.

That

That hateful Tyrant shall thy Victim be;
If not, and there's a God greater than *Jove*,
Save, save, (that God) his precious Life and Love. [Ex. Lans. attended.

Cyr. Cræsus, let nothing be refus'd that may
Increase her Welcome as becomes thy Daughter,
And the Fair Guest of *Cyrus*.

Now all prepare to meet my Royal Uncle.

Enter to them *Hydaspe*, *Pantaea*, and *Women*.

When comes the Royal *Cyaxares*?

Hyft. To his worst of Rage abandon'd,
And in proud Envy of your growing Conquests,
He bad me, in Contempt of your rich Kindness,
Return the mighty Present with my self;
Said he, I will be with the haughty *Cyrus*
'Ere thou canst bring my Message to the Boy.

Cyr. What, did he scorn the Proffer of my Duty,
Return the Presents which I sent him, say'st thou?
O Gods! it cannot be; thou dost abuse my Uncle.

Hyft. Sir, all that I have said——

Cyr. No more, *Hydaspe*.
By my immortal Fame, and sacred Crowns,
None but thy self had told me so, and liv'd——
Ha! what do I behold! More Wonders still! —
What Lady's that? What weeping Lady's that?

Hyft. *Pantaea*, Sir.

Cyr. *Pantaea*, Sir—What, what, *Pantaea*?

Hyft. *Thomyris* Daughter, the brave *Scythian Queen*,
And the fair Captive whom you did command
Me to present to *Cyaxares*, yet
I fear to tell he did refuse her too.

Cyr. Refuse her, say'st thou! Gods, did he refuse her!
Was I so lavish, say? What Right had I
To give the Wealth of all the World away?
Nay, what wou'd bankrupt all the Gods in Heav'n.
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars may be eclips'd,
But her bright Beauty is enough alone,
Without their feeble Aid to light the Globe,
And make eternal Day——

Hyft. Sir——

Cyr. Thus Prodigal like,
Not thinking of the Vastness of the Gift,
I threw away at once my whole Estate,
And ne'er repented till too late I see
The mighty Summ spread large before my Eyes——
Thou should'st have plaid the faithful Steward, and,
Restrain'd thy Master's wild destroying Bounty.

Hyft. O pardon, mighty Sir, who cou'd but hear
Your dread Commands, and not obey you straight.

Cyr.

Cyr. What shall I say? Tell me, *Hydaspe*, do
 All you that know the secret Paths to Love,
 The way to win a Woman's Smile direct me—
 In Fights you oft have took me from amidst
 My Enemies unhors'd, and bore me from the Danger,
 Breathless upon the Arms of Victory,
 But now y'ave left me to my worst of Foes,
 So awful, so divinely formidable,
 That your proud *Cyrus* Heart (mark that, my Soldiers)
 Which never stoop'd to fear what Man cou'd do,
 Nay, what the Gods through Miracles have wrought,
 Lies panting now, and gasping at the Danger.

Hyd. Madam—

Cyr. Hold off thy sacrilegious Hands,
 Shrines and their Deities may be approach'd
 More near— Goddess, Divinity— Bright *Venus*.
 Is there a Name in Heav'n th'art worshipp'd by,
 O tell me that, and teach my Tongue to say it,
 That I may call thee what the Gods have nam'd thee.

Pantb. O *Cyrus*! you forget your self, and me;
 I'm no such thing, no Creature to be prais'd,
 A Wretch forsaken of the World, and Heav'n,
 Your Prisoner, you shou'd pity, not admire me.

Cyr. O say not so— Forsaken say'st thou! No,
 Rather the World and Heav'n are left by thee—
 Is there a Man that dares not call thee Queen?
 What wou'dst thou have, or be, more than thou art?
 Say but the Word, and thy Commands shall fly
 Quick as the Lightning from thy killing Eyes,
 And *Cyrus* is thy Slave to execute.

Pantb. I have no Power, no Charms but Grief about me,
 That may move Pity, but can ne'er cause Love.
 All this wild Paffion but disturbs your self,
 And cannot make a wretched Creature happy.
 You sent me late a Slave to be abus'd:
 But this is worse than when I was refus'd.

Cyr. Pardon, thou Saint, a Man in Love untaught,
 I have been us'd in Battels from my Youth,
 Bred from my Birth like Lions in their Fiercenels,
 Free as the Light, and uncontroll'd as Air,
 And never met a charming Foe like Thee,
 Yet at thy Sight I can forget my Fury,
 Moulded like Wax, made soft before the Sun,
 And all my Passion, like a Storm quite spent,
 Lies hush'd, and silent as an Evenings Breeze.

Pantb. Hold, mighty *Cyrus*, spare my tortur'd Bosom.—
 Play not the Tyrant with so great Misfortunes,
 And talk to me of Murders, Massacres,

Wracks,

The Tragedy of Love.

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Wracks, and Eternal Death—— Talk any thing
But tell me not of that which kills my Soul,
Calls to my Mind to view the mighty space
‘Twixt me and Joy: For nothing yet can prove
So great a Mility to me as Love.

Cyr. O let me catch that Sigh before it goes——
‘Tis gone, ‘tis gone, and each officious Wind
Strove who shou’d first convey the rich Perfume,
And hoard it with the Treasure of the Spring,
Thence to disperse, and brood o’er tender Blossoms,
And add new Scents to ev’ry fragrant Flower——
O give me leave to kiss this beauteous Hand——
Here has *Arabia* all its Sweets confin’d,
Rich as from thence, we Southern Breezes find,
When Trees of Spice had gently fann’d the Wind.

Hyſt. Awake *Hyſtaspeſ* from this horrid Slumber——
Shall I see ravish’d from me all my Right,
And dare not speak—By Heav’n I’ll climb the danger,
Though he stood arm’d at my next daring Word,
To throw me from the Precipice, I’ll do’t——

May Heav’n give fetter’d Globes to *Cyrus* Wish,
Crown you with Love, as you are crown’d with Conquest.
May all bright Beauties else adore your Charms,
And stoop to him that gives the World a Law,
But this fair Prisoner, give me leave to ask
Her who by Conquest is your Soldier’s Prize.

Hyſtaspeſ begs the sharer of your Blood;
If that’s too great a Fame for him to Challenge,
Thus I implore it as your humbleſt Vassal.

Cyr. O Gods! He’s Jealous, Jealous on my Life——
O thou most mighty *Jove*, hadſt thou at once
Shot Thunder in my Ears, and Lighten’d in
My Eyes, I had not ſeen and heard more Horror——
Dear *Creasus*, —*Creasus*, give me Patience——
Am I thus ſoon ſo mean a thing become!
That he that is my Slave durſt here preſume
Before my Face to own ſo proud a Guilt,
And mix his haughty Love with mine— Traytor——

Creſſ. Hold gallant *Cyrus*, *Creſſus* bids thee hold.

Cyr. O *Creſſus* ſay, Cou’d *Solon* ſuffer this?
Is there a Rule in all Philosophy
To teach me Patience now?—O tell it me——

Pant. *Cyrus* no more.

In vain are all this Rage and Jealousies—
Farewel: I’ll ſhut this Captive from your Eyes,
Prison and Absence will be both your Cures:

I am no more his Prisoner now but yours:

‘*Cyr.* A Prisoner: ha! Condu&t her to my Tent.

Let what was Cyrus's be Panthea's Court :
 Adorn'd with Asia's Jewels, let her shine,
 Serv'd like the Persian Queen, ador'd and kneel'd to
 By all her moving Empires round about her.
 And on the Globe where now my Eagle stands,
 Let Love be plac'd, and with its awful Banners
 Spread her Commands thro' all the shining Camp,
 And let an hundred thousand Hero's Hearts
 Be Sacrific'd each Morning to her rising. —

Panthea. Hold Cyrus : Cease this unwelcome strife.
 What tho' y'have in your Power my Death or Life,
 Know I am bound in faster Bonds, a Wife.
 Cou'd I but Cyrus Fame have lov'd before,
 When I had seen him, shou'd have lov'd him more.
 Yet there are greater Chains than all beside,
 I am both by Virtue and by Passion ty'd.
 When I on Cyrus look I must admire,
 But for my Lord I burn with nobler Fire :
 And Two I must confess are Gods to me,
 Which are my Abradator first, and thee. [Exit Panthea attended.

[Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter to them an Officer.

The News ?

Offic. Great Cyaxares is arriv'd.

Cyr. 'Tis well—Have you inclos'd the way he comes,
 With Persian Homocyms, and Median Horse ?

Offic. Most mighty Cyrus 'tis already done.

Cyr. His Drums and Trumpets answer you more loud,
 And as he passes thro' your noble Banks,
 With welcome Shouts receive my loving Uncle—

[Exeunt Cyrus, Cræsus, Hydaspes. Moment the Guards.

The Scene opens, and discovers a way rank'd with Sol-
 diers, and after a Warlike sound, and Shouts, Cyrus and
 Cyaxares meet. Cyrus offers to embrace Cyaxares,
 but he refuses — They come forward on the Stage.

My honour'd Uncle, Royal Cyaxares ! — ha !

How long have you been absent from these Arms ! —

Ha ! What is this I see ! when I expect

A kind return of my true Hearts salute ;

You bend your Head, and look another way,

And sigh as if my Eyes were Bassalisks,

Or Breath shot Venome — Ha ! what means my Uncle !

Cyax. The meaning is too plain, 'tis Shame, and Coward —

Do you not see 'em written in my Forehead ?

What means this Pomp, these Shouts, these heaps of Trophies,

These crowds of Conquer'd Kings, and mighty Slain,

And I but a poor idle gazer on ?

'Tis

'Tis that, 'tis that has swallow'd up my Fame,
Branded the Son of great *Astyages*,
Made me the talk of all the World ;
A senseless Block for *Cyrus* Foot to tread on,
And mount the Throne of all the Univerie—
Ingrateful *Cyrus* !

Cyr. Hold— O cease dear Uncle—
Let not our Passions here be made a sport
To common Eyes— we pray you wou'd withdraw—
'Tis *Cyaxares* Pleasure we shou'd be
Alone— so Unkle, let's sit down together,
And I will hear with Patience if I can. [*Exeunt, Preter, Cyrus and Cyax.*
Speak, and I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry Word
Your voice shall utter.

Cyax. God's that I were Dumb !
That ever I shou'd speak, when what I say
Recounts my loss, and my eternal Shame,
With *Cyrus* false Ingratitude.

Cyr. Still, still
You touch the same harsh String— Tell't out, —
What is't that hangs upon your troubled Brow ?

Cyax. O this it is
The Man that I have nourish'd in my Bosom,
Safe guarded from an Host of private Foes,
That sought his Life with great *Astyages*.
Led by the dictates of Prophetick Dreams,
Which now to *Cyaxares* proves most true ;
That thou, I say, should'st like a subtile Serpent,
Wind thy self round my guardless Breast,
Then watch thy time, and Poyson thy Preserver.

Cyr. Go on, go on— I hear you patiently.
Cyax. Nay, give me leave to put it to thy Conscience,
And answer me as thou believ'ft it true.

Cyr. I will.
Cyax. Did I not save thee in thy Cradle ?
No sooner had *Mandana* brought thee to
The World (who then I think was innocent)
But by *Astyages* Command thou wert
Deliver'd to be slain by *Harpagus*—
Have you not heard this oft for truth ?

Cyr. I have.
Cyax. Have you not heard too how I ventur'd 'twixt
My Father's Wrath and Pity, to preserve
Thy Life by awing *Harpagus*, who caus'd thee
At my request, in private to be Nurst,
Telling the King that thou wert surely dead.

Cyr. This I have oft been told too.

Cyax. Did I not,

When thou hadst pass'd the Years of Infancy,
 Oft put into my Fathers cruel Mind
 The fence of his most foul unnatural Crime
 In killing thee so long that he repented,
 And wish'd a thousand times thou wert alive
 Again—This opportunity I took
 To tell the King of the deceipt, and beg'd
 The Life of *Harpagon*—Then straight wert thou
 Sent for to Court, and this thou well rememberst.

Cyr. I do.

Cyax. This did I, though 'twas Prophecy'd
 That thou shou'dst quite subvert the *Median* Empire,
 And fill the Throne of great *Astyages*.—
 Then did I not, after my Father's Death,
 And when I reign'd alone, keep thee still by me,
 Taught thee the use of Arms, to chace the Boar,
 To hurl thy little Dart, and wound the Panther ;
 And when the fiery Beast wou'd turn upon thee,
 I then wou'd interpose a violent stroak,
 And taught thee how to give a mortal Blow,
 Leaving the Savage gasping at thy Feet ;
 And this thou art well witness of thy self.

Cyr. All this, and more you bring to my remembrance.

Cyax. Is't possible, thou hast not then forgot !
 Is this a kind return for all my Love !
 Who first began the War with *Balbazar* ?
 Was't not my self twice beat him in set Battels
 Until thou wert of Years, when for thy Fame
 I sent thee with the flower of all my Strength
 To prosecute my Victories, and thou
 Whole tedious Years hast kept the War on foot,
 Using my Subjects till they have forgot
 Their Countries Gods, their Fashions, and their King,
 And worship nothing but the Sun and thee.—
 Pity me Gods; for sure I am become
 But the poor Shadow of the thing I was.

Cyr. O Uncle, hold : For I can hear no more.
 What wicked Man has poison'd thus your Ear ?
 Your words, though they are most unjust, and I
 Am guiltless, yet they're Daggers to my Soul
 When spoken with unkindness—ah why droops
 My Royal Uncle, hanging down your Head,
 Throbbing that noble Heart, as if the weight
 Of all the Miseries on Earth depress'd it ?
 Snatch me ye Gods this Moment into Nothing,
 If I your *Cyrus* am the least to blame
 In what you have accus'd me.

Cyax. Well, I've done.

Have

Cyr. Have I worn out my Youth, at home, your Subject,
In War your General; deny'd my self
The soft Retirements of the Court, in which
Your meanest Parasite enjoys more Pleasure——
Have not my Couriers found you in the Height
Of Banqueting, inform'd you of the Dangers
That I had pass'd in ev'ry dreadful Fight,
Which only the Relation of 'em made
Your trembling Courtiers spill their brimming Bowls,
And with the Palsie list 'em to their Mouths.

Cyax. No more, my Cyrus.

Cyr. And have I not augmented all the Kingdoms
Of great *Astyages*, with Hazard of
My own—— What Crown, what Treasure have I gain'd
Of which I did not make you first a Proffer?
Do I a Secret keep, or hide from you?
Or hoard that Wealth of which you shall not share?
Is it for this I have so ill deserv'd
My Uncle's Envy, and unjust Suspicion!

Cyax. Enough, my Cyrus.

Cyr. Will you then embrace me?

Cyax. I will.

Cyr. And let me kiss your Cheek?

Cyax. Thou shalt——

O Cyrus! Thou hast conquer'd me, my Cyrus——
I can no longer hold but must forgive thee.
See, see, these Tears that sprung from Tydes of Crief,
Are now augmented to a Sea of Joy.
Hide 'em for shame, Oh, hide 'em in thy Bosom!
Come, I will chide no more—— may I be thought

[They both rise up.

A Coward, led in Triumph by my Foes,

And put t'an ignominious Death when I

Again reflect unkindly on my Cyrus.

Thou art my Son, this Moment I adopt thee,

And I will die the sooner to make Room

For thee.

Cyr. O my dear Father, say not so——

To morrow brings the Empire of the World,

I see it plain, and dazzling Victory

Flies like an Eagle circling round your Head,

To shew our Way o'er Hills of slain *Astyrians*,

And under falling Clouds of *Seybian* Darts,

Which from our Shields we'll throw like scatter'd Hail,

Whilst with one Voice, around the conquer'd Field,

The Dying praise us, and the Living yield.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cyrus with Guards; Cyaxares, with Hyrcaspes meeting him.

Cyax. I'VE a Request to beg of you, my Cyrus.

Cyr. What, is't my Royal Uncle? speak, yet not,
'Tis granted 'ere 'tis nam'd.

Cyax. 'Tis that you wou'd forgive the brave Hyrcaspes,
And here restore him to your wonted Favours.

Cyr. O 'tis the thing that I with Joy intended,
And now he's doubly fix'd— Rise, my Hyrcaspes,
My Soldier, rise, my Kinsman, my Right Arm;
For that was ne'er so near me in the Fight,
Nor push'd it on so fiercely— O my Friend!
Dost think I have forgot my valiant Leader?
But above all at the Surprize of *Sardis*,
When thou wert follow'd by the *Homotymis*,
Led by thy brave Example, all dismounted
Your fiery Coursers, and with Scaling-Ladders
Climb'd up the Walls, and shout'd on the Top,
In spite of Showres of Flints, and Clouds of Arrows;
Then leap'd into the Street, and there you fought,
Till you had op'd the Gates amidst the Guards,
And clear'd my Way through Clusters to the Town—
This, this with Joy I do remember still.

Hyrc. Your Royal Grace extends too far above
The Merits of *Hyrcaspes*— O I grieve
When I look back on my Offence to you,
The bravest Master, and the best of Kings—

Cyr. No more, *Hyrcaspes*, welcome to thy Prince,
More dear to him than penitent Children are
To Parents, or than Martyrs to the Gods,
And like them too I will reward thee—

Hyrc. O I know y're liberal,
Can disperse Crowns and Steptres as you please,
And make a Monarch of the Man you favour;
But Pardon's the rich, only thing I beg,
And is from *Cyrus* more than I can merit.

Cyr. Enough, *Hyrcaspes*; thou shalt see I love thee,
When I bestow upon thee such a Treasure.

That

That all Mankind shall wish to be thy Rivals——
Creasus, thy Ear—— send for thy Daughter straight——
I promis'd thee that I wou'd chuse a Husband
For her, and I will do it — Such a Husband,
That thou shalt blefs the happy Moment when
Thy Wife brought such a Daughter to the World
To be so well bestow'd—— Go fetch her, Creasus.

Creas. O happy Girl, Lausaria! he does
Intend sure to bestow himself upon her.

[Exit Creasus.

Hyas. O Gods! I dream—Can there be such a Thought!
Has he resolv'd to give Panthes to me!

Cyr. Prepare, Hyas, now to meet such Joys,
Which if thy Sences are not all Immortal,
Thou art not able to sustain—— Behold——

Re-Enter Creasus leading Lausaria attended.
Behold the brightest Star that gilds the World,
And makes that Bosom Heav'n where-e'er she shines.

Hyas. Is this the Prize of all my flatt'ring Hopes!
Now I perceive the Gulf that lies before me,
Yet I run on, and cannot stop my self;
This Mortal Disobedience stabs me quite.

Laus. Now all you gentle Powers that pity Love,
And thou, Diana, from the Stars look down,
Behold the bashful Virgin of thy Train——
I see my Life or Death writ in those Eyes,
There is no Mean betwixt my Heav'n or Hell,
I'm to be rais'd this Moment to the Skies,
Or flung into the bottom of Despair.

Cyr. Assist me, Jove; and all you that disperse
Rich Blessings from the Skies—— Lend me your Aid;
Extend my liberal Hands; for I'm to make
Two Mortals now so infinitely happy,
As will amaze your Godheads all to see,
And make you wish to be translated here——
Give me thy Hand, thou soft, thou lovely Virgin——
Ha! why, what makes thou tremble, start, and blush!
And now look pale? This Combat of thy Beauty's
Adorns thy Cheeks with double Victories,
Whilst both in Competition strive to paint
A Colour there to set at Enmity

The Lilly and the Rose—— Draw near, Hyas——

Laus. O Gods, your Help! what does he mean to do!

Cyr, Give me your Hand—— what now? what means the Man?
Give me your Hand, I say—— I did expect
You shou'd have flown like Lightning to my Arms,
And snatch'd her from me, so upmannerly

Thy

Thy Raptures should have been —— Here, take her to thee ——
Why holds *Lausaria* back? —— You both draw back.

Hyst. Your Pardon, Royal Sir, if my Offence
Be not too great to challenge any Mercy.
I do confess the Wonder of the Bliss has stunn'd me;
The Joy's too great, too mighty for my Sense,
And therefore to approach it as I ought,
O give me time to study how to bear it.

Cyr. Away; I've heard too much —— I'll talk with you
Anon —— What means *Lausaria*? Rise, my Charge!

Laus. Ah, why d'you kill with such a Look of Anger?
Now your strange Beauties are so awful grown,
That they're above all Mortals to behold.
Without a Dread —— O stay the Lightning in
Your Eyes — What will become of brave *Hystaspes*,
If you let loose to Action all your Frowns,
And execute the Terror of your Looks!
Pour 'em on me, 'twas I the Grace deny'd:
For lo, I think so meanly of my self,
That I can live to be refus'd by him.

Cyr. Rise, or you press my yielding Heart to Death —
This hurls me on the more to thy Revenge —
Guards, seize that *Traytour*, drive him from my Presence;
To Exile let him go, and not be seen
So near as *Asia* does her spreading Empire bound.

Laus. O let me beg you wou'd recall your Doom.

Cyax. Nephew.

Cres. O *Cyrus*!

Mighty Prince, but hear us.

Cyr. Keep off, and give me Breath, you stifle me —
Why, Unkle, *Cresus*, King of *Lydia*, I've decreed it,
And none amongst the Stars shall 'ere revoke —
Away with him — A thousand Basilisks
Are in his Eyes.

Hyst. With haste I will obey you.
Thus on my Knees I take your gentle Doom; I go
To Banishment, and if my wand'ring Steps
Direct me where to do you some poor Service,
I'll do't with hazard of this hated Life —
Ten thousand Victories, nay more,
Immortal Crowns, and Everlasting Laurels
Adorn the Head of the most God-like *Cyrus*.

Cres. He's gone, and see the King looks discontent,

Cyax. Why, Nephew, *Cyrus*, you are mov'd.

Laus. O *Cyrus*!

Cyr. What says the bright, the wrong'd *Lausaria*?

Laus. Why have you banish'd from your sight *Hystaspes*?

[Exit *Hystaspes*.]

The Tragedy of Love.

23

I'll tell you then, how rashly you have done.
The Sun and Moon might in our Heav'n appear,
And both at once disperse their Rival Lights,
E're our two Loves cou'd join; and shou'd *Hystaspes* hope,
Yet you your self forbid the scornful *Hymen*.
Since it must out, I'll tell it, if my Sighs,
Mixt with Ten Thousand Blushes, give me leave——
I love (Heav'n's!) This poor Daughter to a Captive Prince,
Owns it with Pride that she does love the Man,
Of all the World, the greatest, bravest Soul
As e'er the Gods put in a mortal Body.

Cyr. Alas! What's this I hear!

Lauf. Now judge by what I've said, if I cou'd e'er
Descend to love another——I have done——
O look not on me, I am all on Fire,
Burnt up with Blushes which these Tears ingage.
This mortal Secret you have wrack'd from me

Will kill *Laufaria*:

Craef. Unhappy Girl.

Lauf. Give me a Vail: And now the World farewell.

Cyr. What means the bright, the wrong'd *Laufaria*?
Why dost thou hide thy Charming Face from *Cyrus*?

Lauf. 'Tis just, after a Confidence so new,
It shou'd for ever thus be shut from you.
My Blushes to all Eyes may be unknown,
But oh! I ne'er can shrowd 'em from my own.

Olympus is too low. I want beside
The Sun to be Eclips'd, my Shame to hide.
Cold Cydnus, make thy Icy Stream my Urn,
To drown my Flames, and quench me now I burn.

Cyax. What, does not this start Pity from your Eyes
And Heart?

Cyr. Tell me, instruct me what to do—
O *Cyaxares*, lend me thy dear Breast,
T' unload my Griefs, and learn thy precious Council—
Run for *Hystaspes* quick, if not too late,
Tell him his Prince repeals his Banishment,
Will take him to his gentle Arms again——
Excuse, dear Uncle, these unruly Passions,
And oh, my Friends, forgive your *Cyrus* Frailties.

[Exit *Lauf*]

[Exit Officer.]

[Sound of a Trumpet.]

Enter to them *Artabasus*.

What means this Trumpet's formal sound?—The News?

Arta. It is a Herald from th' *Affyrian* Camp,
That says, the *Scythian* Queen, the brave *Thomryus*,
With *Abjadatas*, the young *Susan* King,

E

Attend

5 Cyrus the Great: Or,

Attend to ask a moments Parley with you.

Cyr. Then we shall see this wonder of her Sex—
Cresus, thou knowst her—Is she then so Brave, as is attid that
So Great, and Valiant as the World report her?

Cres. She is indeed a Woman of such Spirit that her name may
As you have heard of Juno, of such Honour;
Such haughty Valour, and so Masculine,
That she's well call'd, the Miracle of Women;
But then, like bold Simoom, she rages
With ev'ry Vice of the most furious, wild,
And monstrous of her Sex; Yet Abradatus
Is truly Valiant, Brave, and Virtuous—
But heark, she comes,—this Trumpet speaks her Entrance.

Enter to them Thomyris, Abradatus, Women and Attendance, in State,
Seythian Guards.

Cyr. She is indeed of admirable Presence.

Thom. There cannot be a Wonder on the Earth
So Great as Cyrus is: If thou art he,
Or is't some God, or Mars himself I see,
For sure these Eyes were never bless'd before
With such a sight—What's Balsazar, and all
The Princes of the Globe compar'd to him!
Now, I no more admire his mighty Fortune,
That Godlike Mein and Presence is enough
T' enslave great Kings, and awe the barb'rous World—
I need not ask who is the famous Cyrus?
Something which makes great Souls so near ally'd,
Tells me you are that excellent brave Man.

Cyr. I am that most unworthy Cyrus—
What wou'd the Great, th' most famous in the World
The Scythian Queen?

Thom. Hear me, Divinest King—
Curse me, you Powers, and languish all my Fame,
Now I behold the gallant Cyrus Person,
If e'er unjustly I become your Foe.
Nay, I'll forget the Murder of my Son,
And say his Death was my misfortune only—
You have a Virgin that's Pantaea call'd,
The Mourning, longing Wife of this young Prince,
Whom (e're the Priest had said his binding Pray'r)
The Gods, to shew the most incertain State
Of human things, snatch'd from his Nuptial Arms,
And bore her from him by a Storm of Fate,
Ev'n in a time when they did think to join
Fast as their Wishes—She your Prisoner is.

All Places save, and priviledge the Fair;
Beauty is even held in War most sacred,
And *Cyrus* cannot stoop to do a thing
That is not brave.

Cyr. Go on, bright Queen.

Thomy. Long hearing of thy vast and proud Successes;
O'er all Mankind. In pity of the World,
I drew a force of Forty Thousand Men,
From my own yet unconquer'd Land to aid
Thy | Enemies this Army we'll withdraw;
And with brave *Cyrus* make immortal League,
If he'll restore the sad *Pantaea* to us.

Cyr. Now blest be all those Deities that saw
The solemn Rites performing 'gainst their Wills,
And would not let the Hymeneal Torch
Be light—Ask you me, whom piteous Heaven
Sent by a Miracle to my Protection!
Demand my Crowns, my everlasting Fame,
My shining Trophies, and my Victories:
For they are not so dear, nor half so sacred,
Nor look so bright in all the World's esteem.

Abra. O I am ruin'd—Hell is in my Bosom—
Pantaea's lost, undone, inconstant, ha!
She loves him too perhaps—O thought-like Death!
Curse on this feeble Arm that cou'd nor guard her,
Nor had the Courage to assault my Breast.

Cyax. It is apparent that the Gods were all
Displeas'd, and meant those Nuptials shou'd not be,
When at the very Altar, like a Dove
From the fierce Vultures Claws they rescu'd her.

Abra. O King of an Immortal Fame!
Dread *Cyrus*, thou art Great, above the World;
There is no thought a Woman here can fix
Thy Soul, that soars and ranges like the Sun,
Behold me from thy Power, like awful *Jove*,
And O! restore me to my Heav'n of Love,
Pity my Youth, and give *Pantaea* to me;
O give her to my Soul, and I will add
To the bright Queens, Ten Thousand Valiant Archers,
And vow my self thy true Confederate.—
Think not 'tis Fear that makes the stoop so low
To beg of Thee, but mighty Love that must
Be still obey'd; else I cou'd meet thee daring
At th' Head of all thy Army, shouting loud
To animate the Courage of their Leader:
And O *Pantaea*! were *Pantaea* but
The Victor's Prize, the blessed Hopes shou'd aid me

To kill this great Disturber of the World.

Thom. Speak like thy self, my Valiant *Abradatas*,
Thou hast a *Scythian's* Courage in thy Breast—

Intreat no more; for *Cyrus* dare not hold her.

The Gods and *Thomyrus* have decreed.

To fetch *Panthea* back in Triumph from him—

To-morrow I will meet thee in the Front

Of Battel, where it shall be then recorded

To thy eternal Shame and Infamy,

A Woman conquer'd thee.

Cyr. Proud Queen, retreat least we profane the Truce,

The nicest Law of Arms can ne'er indure

Such daring Provocations.

Enter *Panthea* attended.

Pantb. My *Abradatas*.

Soul of my Love, and Lord of my Desires,

Am I so blest to see thee once again!

To embrace thee once before I die,

Save me from Fears, from Prison, and from Harms,

And lock me safe within these tender Arms.

Abra. O my *Panthea*! Let me hold thee fast,

Hoard all my numberless and breathless Kisses,

On thy soft Cheeks at once! For something tells me,

This Pleasure is too great and rich to last—

O stir not from me.

Pantb. No, we'll never part—

Our Loves shall here incorp'rate us like Air;

Not Swords, nor Death, shall any way divide us.

Now 'tis beyond the Power of Jealousie,

Or Jove himself this *Gordion* to untie.

Nay, *Cyrus* is too Brave, too Good to see

Such faithful Lovers languish any longer.

Cyr. O I am struck!—A thousand Stings dart all

At once their pointed Venom in my Eyes,

And now I feel 'em in my Breast—Tell me,

What is't besides the mortal stroke of Love

That pains your *Cyrus* thus? See how they grasp!—

'Tis that, 'tis that—assist me *Cyaxares*—

Say quickly, Friends, what shall be done to part 'em—

Speak, will you see me rack'd?—My Soul's between

Each close Embrace,

And will not, cannot, bear it any longer—

Prince, from this fatal Extasie retire,

This fight will mortal be to one of us.

Abra.

Abra. Thou shalt not stir — I will not move without her,
But leave Ten thousand Limbs, if I'd so many,
Hack'd off, and hew'd from this unhappy Body,
But I will bear her hence — O my *Pantaea*! —
Oh Mother! let me lose this hated Life:
First let me dye before I part with her.

Pantb. Think not of Death, my *Abadatas*, loe,
The Gallant Monarch melts, and says it too;
Our Lives shall be immortal as our Loves.

Thom. *Cyrus* has reach'd the utmost brink of Greatness —
The Gods no longer will dispute thy Fate,
Since they have punish'd thee with lawless Love;
A cursed Charm that flumbers all thy Virtues,
That thou shalt never more awake to Glory —
Retire, my Son, from Beauty run to day,
And, by the Gods, *Pantaea* shall be thine
To morrow, when we only shall encounter
With the starv'd Genius, weary Fame of *Cyrus*.
My Women shall be foremost in the Fight,
And, with their naked Breasts and Arms display'd,
Shall lead this once brave Man a Captive-Slave,
This empty Form of his departed Greatness.

Pantb. O Royal Mother!
Why d'you mistake? You wrong the God-like *Cyrus*.
O give him gentle Words, mild as the Sound
Of Pray'rs and Sighs in Sacrifices us'd;
Speak t'him, approach him as indeed you ought,
As Conqu'our of the World, and you shall see
No God can be so lavish, nor so kind.

Abra. My dear *Pantaea*, why d'you thus proceed?
Unless you wish to make me worse than Woman —
Hold, while I've Resolution in my Breast,
And all thy Heav'n of Charms will let me go;
By those, thy self I swear, the greatest Oath
That I can take, to morrow I will bring
Thy *Abadatas* to thee, live or dead.

Pantb. No, say not so — Thus kneel with thy *Pantaea*,
My Hand close lock'd in thine, my *Abadatas*,
And send our Tears and our Requests together —
Look, Mighty Conqu'our, cast your Eyes beneath,
And may your Arms, and Fame increase in Wars,
As you to Love, are pityful and kind.

Abra. Now, God-like *Cyrus*, from thy Rage look down,
By all those Virtues that have made thee shine,
And gain'd the Name of the Immortal *Cyrus*.
Oh, stoop to see what mighty Love can do,
That humbles thus thy generous Enemy,

[Both kneel.]

And

And makes a Suppliant of thy mortall'ſt Foe —
 Since you have felt the Rage of Jealous Love,
 The Fire that burns unruly in your Breast,
 Pity me then, and give *Pantaea* to me :
 O give her to these Arms !

Pantb. Mighty Cyrus,
 Give *Abadatas* to my thousand Wishes,
 And Oh, restore his lov'd *Pantaea* to him !

Cyr. They kneel — She kneels —
 See, see, my valiant Friends,
 Do not my Eyes shed Blood ? — They shou'd, they shou'd,
 For all the Torments that I feel within.
 This is the sharpest Stroak that ever touch'd
 My Virtue here — Rise, Goddess — In this Posture
 Thou art more cruel to thy *Cyrus* far
 Than he can be to thee.

Pantb. Here we will grow,
 Thus ever fix'd, thus rooted as you see us,
 Till from the nobleſt Breath of all the World,
 We hear the Sentence of our Death or Life.

Cyr. Oh Friends ! I feel a War within my Breast.
 The horrid Sound of Fights, and parting Ghosts
 Are all but Musick to my tortur'd Sence —
 Yet fain I'd get the Vict'ry o'er my self ;
 But Oh, I can't ! and find I am too weak —
 By all the Gods it is beyond a Mortal —
 Ha ! Part 'em, or the Sight will kill
 Your General — And Oh, my Fellow-Soldiers !
 Stay whilst this dreadful Moment I retire,
 And having rais'd *Pantaea* from the Ground,
 Send my triumphant Rival back ; for this
 Is more than all the Wounds e'er had in Fight,
 And I can fly from nothing but this Sight.

Abra. Now, now I curse my Tameness, and these Knees,
 That made me stoop so low to beg ev'n thee —
 Away, *Pantaea*, wish me not to stay ;
 Go to thy Gaoler back, and load his Head
 With Curses, whilst thy *Abadatas* shall
 Prepare to fight, and pour 'em all upon him.

Thom. Go, we must leave thee in thy Prison again,
 But in the Morning thou shalt rise from thence,
 Bright as the Sun that revels in his Chariot,
 And see thy self as free — Go, whilst we stay,
 Revenge grows tame, and we forget thy Wrongs.

Pantb. Then must we part ! Yet I'm to blame — Begone,
 Go, whilst my Woman's Soul can give thee leave,
 And all the Blessings of a Love that's chaste,

The Tragedy of Love.

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A faithful, tender Wife's kind Thoughts attend thee.

Abra. O my *Panthea*!

Pantb. And to inspire thee more, call to thy Mind
Our Infant Loves, the soft, and precious Vows
That we have oft exchang'd Nights without Number,
As were the Stars our Witnesses, till all
Those petty, lesser Knots were quite unravell'd,
And made one Nuptial Bond — I've done — Farewell —
But Oh, regard — Regard that precious Life,
By which both live, and all the Gods protect thee.

Abra. The Thoughts of thee shall still enrich my Mind
With all the Pleasures that are yet to come,
And those that are like Visions slid away ;
How oft we've ty'd the Watchings of the Moon,
Till the pale Empress of the Night grew weary,
And fated to rest behind a silken Cloud.

Thom. Have done, or I must act the Part of *Cyrus*,
And tear you from each others Arms.

Abra. This Kiss, and then we part — Farewell — It comes,
Methinks already the fierce Storm begins,
And bears thee from me o'er a thousand Billows.

Pantb. Thee, like a Rock, I fain wou'd hold but cannot.
But Oh ! rough Horrour like a desperate Sea,
Throws me from off Love's Fortres and from thee.

Abra. Weep not, my Soul — Who knows but that 'ere long,
Our weary'd Barks may meet, the Storm o'er-blown.
Trust till to morrow what the Gods can do.

[*Exeunt Thomyris, Abradatas, and their Attendants, at one Door; and Panthea weeping with her Maids, at another. Manent Cyaxares, Cræsus, Artabasus, and Guards.*]

Cyax. Let a strong Guard attend the *Scythian* Queen,
Till she is safe arriv'd within her Camp.

Re-Enter Cyrus.

Cyr. Tell me, kind Unkle, tell thy *Cyrus* quickly,
How bore the sad *Panthea* her Departure?

Cyax. As silent as the Day gives way to Night,
And patient as the Spirit of a Saint
Dying, and leaving all the World behind him.

Cyr. Run, *Artabasus*, run, and kneel before her,
Tell her, what Kingdom in the World can buy
One Smile, or Tear on *Abradatas* thrown,
And't shall be hers — The Sea's, nor *Cræsus* Hoard,
Holds not the Wealth that I will bid for either;
My Life, nay say Ten thousand Lives are hers —
Tell what thou canst invent — Tell her what not —

Say

Say more than if thou wert in Love, thou then
 Cou'dst say — Yet hold, I will not trust thy self alone —
 Come all with me — You, Uncle, are a Father,
 Speak as you wou'd do to your only Daughter ;
 Drop all the Sweetnes of a Parent's Tongue —
 Cræsus is wife, and has been taught to speak,
 Thy Eloquence has clear'd the *Delphick* Riddles,
 O charm my Goddess as thou charm'st the God —

Cres. Else may I fall a Sacrifice to *Cyrus* —

Cyax. Rejoice, my *Cyrus*, doubt not thy Success ;
 That needs must move, which tortures all our Pity.

Cyr. 'Tis she must pity, you forgive my Passion —
 Lend me a Dagger one of you, or kill me ;
 Come, who is Noble level here thy Dart,
 And reach this wanton *Cupid* in my Heart :
 Death from my meanest Vassal I will stand,
 Or fall by any but a Woman's Hand ;
 For Love still plays the Tyrant with the Great,
 Lets Fools and Cowards prosper in their State,
 And only makes the Brave Unfortunate.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Scene draws, and discovers Cyrus, and Cyaxares ;
 They come forwards.

Cyr. YET more ! Have I not said enough, dear Uncle ?
 And have you not already seen and heard
 With blushing, too much of your *Cyrus* Frailties ?

Cyax. Tell me, my *Cyrus*, when you have disclos'd
 The heavy Load that lies upon your Soul,
 I'll pour a Balm into't shall give you Ease —
 These Strugglings of the Nobler Passions shew
 The most Heroick Mind that ever was.

Cyr. O Cyaxares ! I'm all Guilt, all Stain,
 Ev'n I that rid the foremost in the World,
 And knew how Dear, how Great, and how Esteem'd
 A Thing my hard-got Honour was — yet that,
 And all are drown'd within a Sea of Love ;
 My Empires, Crowns quite ruin'd by the Fair,
 That gilded o'er the deep deluding Danger,

Then

The Tragedy of Love.

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Then tempted me to split —— O all my fame,
My matchless Glories with my self are sunk,
In the false footing of a Woman's smile.

Cyax. You are Impartial to a fault, my *Cyrus*.
Whose Love is guided by the Rays of Vertue ——
The Crime is not so great to be in Love;
The Gods themselves have often felt its Power,
Witness the many scapes of *Jupiter*.
And the Wise Men have all confess'd, that once
In his whole Life the bravest, greatest Man
May stoop to Love ——
Nay, *Solon* has confess'd,
That he himself was once a Slave to Love.

Cyr. Solon! had *Solon* that to lose as I have?
Had he the business of the World to fill
His thoughts, and chace away all soft Idea's?
Books might have fashion'd his tame Soul to Love,
But mine shou'd have been hardened wrought by War;
Proof as the Anvil 'gainst the *Cyclop's* Hammers;
And Glory in my Breast shou'd have Eclips'd
The Rays of Beauty — How I hate my self!
Achilles, when a Boy, did never handle
And ply the Distaff with such Female Skill.

Cyax. Still you run on, are too severe a Judge
Ev'n to your self, your Honour is too nice,
And Dictates to you with a ridged Breath,
This noble caution o're your looser Passions,
Shews yet a greater Conquest o're your Mind,
Than if you ne're had felt what Love had bin;
'Tis Mortal-like to be the Aim of Vice,
But it is God-like to resist its Fury.

Cyr. Teach me, dear Uncle, teach me how to do so:
I feel my Vertue now begins to tire,
And Love Plays all the Tyrant in my Soul,
When I begin to wish the Pain away,
O then I wish the pleasant grief to keep.

Enter to them Hystaspes.

Hyst. Thus low *Hystaspes* falls beneath your Feet,
And comes to know his Monarch's joyful Doom.

Cyr. Welcome, *Hystaspes*, once more to my Arms,
And from this time for ever to my Breast;
No Love, nor Jealousie shall henceforth throw
Suspicions 'twixt my Friend and me.

Hyst. Then 'tis
Above the Malice of Fiends in Hell,

Cyrus the Great: Or,

To Shock me from the state I now remain in
 Bless'd be the Gods that have again Install'd me
 In the Immortal Throne of *Cyrus's* Favour—
 But oh! forgive, forgive your Soldier's Crimes,
 Led by his Frailties.

Cyr. Thou art good *Hydaspe*;
 'Tis thou hast cause to blame thy *Cyrus's* Temper,
 When like a Man infected, mad in Love,
 I threw at random; hurt my dearest Friends;
 So rag'd I with the wild *Promethean* Fire;
 But I will quench it, quench it ev'ry Spark,
 And the bright *Venus* then, that glitter'd in
 My Eyes, I will behold hurtless as shadows,
 Or as *Jove's* Bird the Eagle does the Sun.

Hyd. O my lov'd Lord, pursue your gallant Hopes,
 She shall be yours by all the Powers above;
 My self shall hold your *Hymen's* Torch— O Sir
 She's too Divine for all the World but you.

Cyr. No more, *Hydaspe*— There is something in
 Thy Face that shews thou art not yet well pleas'd—
 Tell me— why look'st thou still upon us with
 A troubled Brow?

Hyd. I came from such a sight
 Wou'd strike Compassion from obdurate Rocks,
 And make soft Pity flow from Hearts of Steel,
 The Courage of your Soldiers flags to tell it.

Cyr. Out with it, tho', let it be ne're so dreadful.
Hyd. The Fair, th' unhappy, Innocent *Lausaria*
 Is grown distracted by a violent Grief;
 Her Wits, her Precious Senses quite are gone;
 The Ornaments of so much Beauty fled!
 Fled to the Gods that gave them, and, no doubt,
 E're long will draw the lovely Body after.

Cyax. Ha! what say'st thou?

Cyr. Can this be true, *Hydaspe*?

Cyax. The Cause?

Hyd. Do you not guess it, since she own'd
 A Passion for the Great, and Famous *Cyrus*?
 The sad occasion was, alas! that she
 Too lightly had reveal'd her Love to you:
 For from your Presence, she no sooner was
 Convey'd to her Appartment, but her Anger,
 Which first adorn'd her Face with blushing Red,
 Streight snatch'd the Roses from her Cheeks, and left
 A Pale, and Trembling Colour in their stead—
 Mountains and Hills coine cover me she said;
 No, no, Eternal Darkness shroud my Head,

From *Cyrus's* sight — O ! *Cyrus* follows me ;
He mocks me — Hide me from his scornful Eyes.

Cyr. Hold, hold, *Hystaspes* give me strength to hear thee ;
Thou pour'st ill News too fast upon my Soul —
So — But go on.

Hyst. This for some Minutes held her,
Till from the Fatal Extasie, she rose,
And strugling to recal her wandring Senses,
Look'd round about her, Wild and Beautiful.
But oh ! (thou rash *Minerva* to permit it)
She let her Words at random so disperse,
That we too soon the Fatal Meaning knew,
Through all their dark and ridled Sense.

Cyr. Pry'thee, what said she ? — Say, did she not Curse me ?

Hyst. Thus she wou'd talk —
Where's *Cyrus*, where ? Has he not heard I love him —
Curs'd be the Wretch that first disclos'd my flame,
See where she's hurld, and has no rest below,
A Thousand Souls of Chast and Modest Virgins
Arm at her sight, and drive me from the Shades ;
Then must I back into the World again !
O there is *Cyrus*, and *Panthea* too,
He Loves her, and she Loves him not again !
Ha ! There th'art punish'd false deluding Man,
Thou art — Revenge me, O *Panthea*, on him —
But see, my *Cyrus* weeps, O pity him —
Cruel *Panthea* ! cruellest of thy Sex !
What merciless *Panther* gave thy Mother Suck,
That bred in thee such Monstruous Savage Nature,
As not t'adore so excellent a Man ?

Enter to them Cræsus weeping.

Cræ. O *Cyrus*, I perceive the Gods ordain
Thy Friends and Foes to fall alike by thee,
By all their Ruins to adorn thy Triumph
Pity the Man whose breath thou didst restore,
Pity my Daughter on whose future state
That Life depends — Go in, and see what Wrack,
What wild destruction thy still Conquering Genius,
In Love as well as War, has made amongst
Laufariar's Beauties.

Cyr. When, when ye Gods will all these mischiefs cease,
Or grow to such a Bulk will sink me quite ! —
Chide me not, *Cræsus*, chide not the unhappy,
Convey me to her streight, and strive

With me to Charm the cruel Deities,

And save the greatest miracle of Love.

[*Exeunt Cyrus and Cræsus.*

Cyax. Why, why ye Gods, has *Cyrus* so deserv'd!

That almost at the Race's end of Glory,

Worse than *Pandora's* Plagues is sent amongst us?

Beauty thou subtile spoyler of the World,

Man were a God-head were it not for thee,

And there was never Hero yet below

That rais'd the Jealous Envy of the Gods,

But this, this never failing Curse was sent

To ruin all his Fame, and blast his Glories —

Hystaspes, when does *Balthazar* intend

To give us Battel?

Hyst. Early this next Morning;

I understood it by a Slave of mine,

That fled at my Command some few days since,

And dewlt a Spy within the Enemies Camp.

He's now return'd, and tells me both the number,

Order, and strength of this so potent Army,

He likewise says, that next their multitudes

They put their chieftest Hopes and Confidence

In brave *Thomyris*, and her *Scythian* Bowmen.

Relying thus on his unweildy Forces,

And fed with lyes of Soothsayers, he remains

Close in his Tent, Carrouses, Feasts, and Revels,

Scorning the Gods, the Fates, and thinks them poor,

And all besides his boasted Power but mean.

Cyax. Wou'd it were now, *Hystaspes*, wou'd the Fight

Were now beginning, and the Trumpets call

Did Rouze fond *Cyrus* from these Painted Dreams,

The danger wou'd be less to find him so

Inclos'd, than in his Tents besieg'd with Love,

His Breast lay'd open to the poysonous Darts

Of Cruel Beauty.

Hyst. O the Happy time!

Thy Rage soft Tyrannous Love shall then have End,

When *Cyrus* kindles once again the Heat

That first inspir'd his Noble Breast with Glory.

Cyax. I hear a sudden noise of Clashing Swords — [*Noise of Fighting within.*

Look out, *Hystaspes*, go and see the matter.

[*As Hystaspes is going off, enter in haste Artabasus with his Sword Drawn.*

Art. Where's *Cyrus*? where's the King? — Great *Cyaxares*,

Pity the bravest Valour in the World —

Haste, Sir, and save the Gallant *Abjadatas*,

With great and most unequal odds opprest —

Haste for the sakes of all your bravest Men:

For at so dear a Rate he sells his Life,

That

That with's own Hand already he has slain
Strange Numbers of the stoutest Ranks, whose Valour
Pusht 'em first on to meet his daring Blows.

Cyax. What madness forc'd him thus to his Destruction!

Arta. His desperate Love led him so boldly on;
For with a Troop, compos'd of all his best
And stoutest Men, he straight broke through our Camp,
Who stood more Wondring at their madness, than
Afraid— And though of all his Valiant Followers
Scarce ten remain alive besides himself,
Yet still he ventures on, and calls for *Cyrus*—
But hark, they this way come—

Cyax. Follow *Hydaspe*—

[As Cyaxares, and the rest are going off, Enters Abradatas fighting against
a great many, Cyaxares and the rest joyn against him and his followers.
Brave Abradatas yield, whilst you are safe.

Abra. Yield! By the Gods that hated Breath I scorn—
The Spirits of my murder'd Friends around me
Still guard me from the Thoughts of such a Baseness—
Do'st think I undertook so brave a Deed
With the least thought of Living, or of Yielding!
No, Fight I will till ev'ry Sinew fail me:
And when my Arms can lift a Sword no longer,
I'll stretch 'em forth to all your Cymeters;
Now to be parted from my Bleeding Body,
Before I'll suffer 'em to be tamely bound—
Come all— Quick, make an End of me— Ye Gods!
Wou'd I had *Cyrus* now but in thy Place;
Thus wou'd I do, thus use my hated Rival.

Hyd. Kill, kill the raging Prince, if he'l be still
Thus Obstinate.

Cyax. I charge you ev'ry Man
To save him, and with speed take him alive.

[They Fight, Cyaxares in the Skirmish is mortally Wounded, Abradatas is
taken Prisoner, and Disarm'd.

Abra. Base Villains! Choak'd I am with Multitudes—
O that I want the Fierceness of a Lyon

To chace this Herd of Slaves and Cowards from me.

Hyd. What ail you, Sir? O Cursed sight, you Bleed!

Cyax. I fear I've bin too rash—

And feel I'm wounded in my Mortal'ft part.

Re-enter to them *Cyrus* in haste.

Hyd. The Gods forbid— O Sir, retire, and view not
This sad Mischance.

Cyr

Cyr. Ha !

Cres. *Hystaspes*, how came this to pass ?

Cyr. Blaft me, you Vitious Planets of my Birth ;
Fall on me all the wrath of Heav'n at once,
Can this be true what here my Eyes behold —
My Uncle wounded ! 'Tis not much, I hope ?

Cyax. Yes, 'tis to Death, and by my fleeting Soul
I am not sorry for't — But why grieve you ?
I now shall tug the Reins of Rule no more,
And you shall drive the Chariot of the World
Alone — My Life that stood so long i'th' way
Dividing all the while Ambition with thee,
Shall share with thee, and of thy Hopes no more.

Cyr. Fetch my Physitians — Run for Artists straight,
A Kingdom shall be his that Cures his Hurt.

Cyax. Stir not, I charge you — 'Tis beyond all Art
To save my Life — I've but a Moment's Breath
To speak, yet whilst that lasts, it's thine, my *Cyrus* ;
And likewise all that's mine I give to thee ;
Commit my only Daughter to thy Care,
She's young, and may in time grow up thy Wife.

Cyr. Curst *Abradatas* — Curst be all the Fates
That led thee thus to Triumph still upon me,
First in my Love, and now in *Cyaxares* ;
But by the Gods — By my wrong'd Self I Swear
I will be tame no longer, but will sweep thee,
Like a fierce Whirlwind from the Face of *Cyrus* ,
Wert thou the Mynion of the spiteful Stars ;
Yes, though ten Thousand *Cupids* on their Knees,
And *Venus* weeping Eyes shou'd beg to save thee.

Abra. I kill'd him bravely, by the Gods I did,
Kill'd him as I wou'd thee, hadst thou bin there.

Cyr. Away with him to speedy Death, I charge yon.

Cyax. Hold, *Cyrus*, hold, the Gallant Prince says true ;
Let me not be the cause of his hard Fate,
It was my Fortune, and the Chance of War.

Cyr. Torture me not with the Request ; I vow
It is the only thing I cannot grant you.

Cyax. You must — O my Dear *Cyrus* ; I have bin
To blame, my Envy of thy gallant Deeds
Brought me to meet the Death I have deserv'd ;
Had I but pleas'd my self to hear thee prosper,
And Treasur'd thy Exploits within my Breast,
As a kind Uncle shou'd have done to *Cyrus* ,
O then I had bin happier.

Persia, and *Media* now shall be but one ;
Far greater than *Astyages* thou art,

The first sole Monarch of the *Medes* and *Persians* —

Cyrus farewell — Kiss me, and then I go.

[dyes.

Cyr. He's fled, the kindest, dearest, bravest Man
That ever blest the World, is gone — Dry up
Your Tears, and hide your Sorrows in your Breasts.
'Tis poor and mean to spend our griefs like Women;
Ten Thousand Deaths are all too little for thee,
No, thou shalt live, and grow in study'd Torments;
I'll carry thee where-e're I go, to be
The sport of my Revenge, and ev'ry Day
Thou shalt be brought i'th' midst of all thy Pains
To hear thee houl before me — Go with him
To Tortures, Chains, Imprisonment — Away.

[To Abrad.

Enter to them Running, and Weeping, Panthea attended, as Abradatas is
carrying off.

Pantb. Hold, whither is my *Abradatas* going? —
Brave *Cyrus* stay, recal your dread Commands —
Ah! where d'ye hurry my dear Prince so fast?
Still *Abradatas* will you be thus rash?
Adventuring through a Thousand threatening Deaths,
To come to this accursed Place to meet
Your certain Ruin; Cruel as you are,
More Cruel to your self and me than *Cyrus* far.

[To the Guards.

Cyr. Still does she come to brave my little Power,
And chain my weak Resolves — She knows her strength,
By all the Gods she does, and dares me to't —
Keep 'em asunder, part 'em whilst I'm in
The mind — Perhaps anon I may forget
I bid you — Do, and part 'em now for ever.

Abra. You urge in vain, the Tyrant must b'obey'd —
Farewel, our Loves shall shine amongst the Stars,
And make Immortal Lights that never shall
Be quench'd — There we will Rule, and guide the Planets,
Causing 'em ev'ry one to shed their worst,
And mortal'st Venom on his Cursed Head.

Panth. Ah no, you wrong the brave and God-like *Cyrus*,
He is more mild than tender Mothers are;
The Spring is not so sweet that flows from Winter,
As are the Passions of that Brave rough Man —
Look thou Immortal; great on Earth as *Jove*
Can you behold me kneel, and hear me beg.,
In vain, who once you said was Beautiful, and lov'd?

[Kneels.

Cyr. *Panthea* rise, I cannot see you bend —
There's something in those Eyes wou'd cheat me still,
Although I know their kindness is not meant

To

Cyrus The Great: Or,

To me — No, no, these Prayers and Tears are all
 My Rivals still — Behold there's one cou'd speak
 If it had Life, but that is slain by thee —
 See, see, the silent everlasting Cause
 Of Abradatas Fate.

[Shows the body of Cyax.

Panth. Ah me, the sight
 Is dreadful, but you must forget it —
 He kill'd him fairly in his Life's defence,
 And you may add a little too for Love —
 The gallant *Cyrus* wou'd have done as much,
 Had he bin urg'd, or had the like Occasion.

Cyr. Away *Panthea*, hence, thou plead'st against
 Thy self, and hast recall'd each wandering Spark
 That stray'd without my Breast, and fann'd 'em to
 A Flame, that if thou talk'st, will ne're be quench'd —
 Away with him, I say — Death to you all
 That disobey a Moment —

Abrad. I Court that Death, and cannot wish to live
 A life so mean that's in thy power to give ;
 But ah, *Panthea* !

Panth. Stay, for we must live
 Or dye together *Cyrus*, take thy Choice —
 Give me thy Hand, my Love — Thus we will grow,

[*Panthea runs and takes Abrad. by the hand.*

Joyning our selves together thus — Thus fix'd,
 By great *Diana's* Soul, immoveable —
 So mingle not our Souls, nor beams of sight so twist
 As are these Hands united — Why d'ye stay ? —
 Come bear him to his Fate — By Constancy,
 I vow this Hand shall go along with him,
 Not all your Torments, Pincers, nor Devices
 Shall wrench these Knots asunder ; no, unless
 You cut this off, so you may part our Bodies,
 But then my Spirits shall retire that moment,
 Flying to th' part that's nearest to my Love,
 And my lost Hand shall hold him still thus fast,
 And Perish with him as the Body wou'd.

Cræs. Behold, do not the Gods look down, and wonder ?

Cyr. What shall I do ? *Cræsus* advise me straight.

Cræs. I am beyond all Sence, the Miracle
 Has almost struck me dumb — Yet you had best
 Begone — Retire, Sir, from this melting Object ;
 O never interrupt such Happiness,
 But send these rare and faithful Lovers home,
 To be the Wonder of all Worlds to come.

Cyr. O how shall I begin ! *Cræsus*, I'll do it,
 I am resolv'd, yet cannot though I wou'd ;

When

The Tragedy of Love.

41

When I have gain'd the highest Victory o're
My mind, then straight I feel my climbing Love
Ascends by stealth, and reaching to the top,
Pulls all my slippery Resolutions down—
Assist me Gods, and guide my sickly Virtue.

Enter to them Lausaria Distracted, drest like a Cupid, with a Bow and Quiver, follow'd by her Women.

Lauf. Ye daring Mortals, wou'd ye hinder me? —
Let me alone, I say — Prepare my Chariot;
Go fetch me Boreas straight, and bid him bring me
A gentle Wind to spread my fiery Wings,
Then I'll ride faster than the Fleeting Air,
Or Raceing Clouds — The Stars shall be my Guides,
And in a Moment I will reach the Gods.

Cræf. O Dismal sight!

Lauf. — My Father weeps: If tears cou'd quench thee!

I. SONG.

O Take him gently from the Pile,
And lay him here to rest,
And I will seorch for him the while;
If he must burn, then burn him in my Breast,
For there is Fire, there is shame
Enough to set the World on flame.

Cræf. Hear me *Lausaria*, thou hadst once a Brother
Doom'd by the Gods to want the gift of Speech,
And yet his Dumbness could not so afflict me,
As these wild words torment thy Father's Soul.

Lauf. This Bow and Quiver were a wanton *Cupid's*;
I watch'd the Boy, as he lay down to sleep,
And stole his Ammunition from his side;
And now I've got 'em, I will be reveng'd
On all mankind, on all the Sex at once,
And shoot Love's Plague into their Breasts — Stand fair.

G

II. SONG.

Cyrus the Great: Or,

II. SONG.

I Am arm'd, and declare
 For a Vigerous War ;
 By my Bow and my Quiver I swear
 Not a Rebel to Love will I spare,
 This Shaft I will draw to the Head,
 And shoot the great Persian, shoot him dead.
 The Tyrant shall die, there's one will deny him,
 Let him Court her with Crowns she shall fly him,
 This Shaft I will draw to the Head,
 And shoot the great Archer dead.

Cyr. Her Sence is out of Tune, her Wits not well,
 But yet, alas ! her Tongue is Charming still.

Lauf. Here is a Dart by Limping *Vulcan* made,
 Tip'd with the Clippings of a red hot Star ;
 The same that *Venus*, when she robb'd her Son,
 Chose from the rest to shoot *Adonis* with ;
 I'll burn you ev'ry one, till you indure
 Worse Pains than I — Ha ! Cyrus there — Have at thee —
 I think I've struck thee, Cruel Flint, I have. [She shoots and hits Cyrus.

Cyr. Thou hast indeed, and touch'd me to the quick ;
 I thank the Gods there wanted but this sight
 To rouze my slumbering Virtue — Sweet *Laufaria*,
 Th'ast pierc'd my rocky Heart, and see it melts. [Cyrus Weeps.

Lauf. Ha ! have I hurt him ! Curst was I to do so —
 Look how the Blood runs trickling down his Face —
 Help, help *Panthea*, *Abradatas* help —
 Can you behold that Bleeding brave good Man,
 And not bestow one Sigh, or Tear between you,
 Indeed you are to blame — I cou'd shed Rivers,
 And with my sighs disturb the endless *Ocean*. [Weeps.

Cræf. Poor Girl ! She tires her self with her Wild Thoughts —
 When will her roving Fancy get some rest ?

Lauf. Go, go ; you are a pair of Constant Fools, [To *Panthea*, &c.
 You are not fit to dwell amongst Mankind —
 Get you to Wilds, to Fountains, and the Woods,
 There graft your Follies on the Barks of Trees,
 And write sad Songs upon th'unconstant Sands,
 Which are as false as are the Hearts of Men :
 Or get you to the Echo, Owl, and Magpye ;
 They say, they once were Mortals like your selves —
 Dye like a pair of faithful silly Lovers,
 Dye, dye, and get you to *Elizium*,
 There be the things you dream of ; there be such

As are your selves---- Go, get you to *Elizium*;
And I will follow you so soon as e're
I can---- Hey hoe!---- I have a mind to sleep---

Craef. Come, lead her gently to her Bed.

Lauf. Well let me make my Will, since Love must dye,
And leave to every one a Legacy:

This Dart I give—

To those that are Ambitious of a Name,
And fall in Love with such a Jilt as Fame;
This tipt with Gold to Sages on the Bench
Who have---

One Eye for Bribery, t'other for a Wench.
This Wicked one that at the Pulpit Drives
To Priests, who Love good Livings, hate good Lives,
And send you all to Heaven by your Wives;
This Matrimonial Dart, that shames the Giver,
To Marry'd Folks, the worst of all my Quiver,
My Wealth to Poets, thrift to Eldest Sons,
My Truth to Courtiers, Chastity to Nuns.
My Wantonness I do bequeath in Plenty,
To all the Women in the World of Twenty,
My Eyes to Alchymists, my Brains to Schools,
Scorn to the Brave, and all my Love to Fools.

{

[Exit.

Craef. What say you now? How feel you now your self?

Cyr. Just like a Man fast ty'd upon the Rack,
When, feeling the fierce pain too great to bear,
Starts up and stretching every Nerve about him,
Expands his Joynts, and loofens all his Bands,
As threads of Flax are driv'n before the Flame----
Now mighty Love, I will despise thy Nets,
And like the hunted Deer, rush through the Thicket
That once I fear'd, and hung by ev'ry Bough---

Craef. ---- Bravely resolv'd and like the Godlike *Cyrus*.

Cyr. ---- Hence, hence my Torment---- All fond thoughts of Love
Away, and vanish into slender Air,
And from this time, let Pity and Revenge
Fill up my tortured Bosom in its stead----
Release the Prince--- *Panthea*, take the Man
You Love--- Quick, not one word of thanks, for I
Deserve none---- But be sure you Charm him, hold him
Till he's Immortal made in your Embraces----
Haste, *Abradatas*--- Thou shalt dearly pay
For all the Pleasures of this long'd for Night----
To Morrow I will Summon thee like Fate
Soft slumbering in *Panthea*'s Arms.

Abra. And I,

Cyrus the Great: Or,

Arm'd with the Thoughts, will meet thee like a God,
Fir'd with each Kisses heat, that thou shalt blush
To see what Beauties happiest Man can do.

Cyr. Ye Gods! To Morrow! Did I say to Morrow?
To day, this hour, a Moment is too long—
He goes just now to ravish all those Beauties,
To ransack so much Joys, compar'd to which
Heav'n's store is all but nigardly compos'd—
Away, away— I'll overtake thee else,
Swift as the Winds that drive behind thy Back.

Re-enter to them Cræsus.

Cræs. O Cyrus, your sad Cræsus Daughter's Dead.

Cyr. Dead is she then. Poor Innocent Lausaria!
But hold, I have more griefs to spend for thee
Hereafter—

Panth. These sad Disasters make me move but slow,
And stir unwillingly to meet my Joys—
I go, but still to pray for Cyrus Life—
Thou generous, great, unhappy Man, farewell.

Cyr. Farewell— And since the Gods have so decreed,
May this Divorce so happy be to prove
The last of meetings, and the End of Love.

[Exit severally.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus, SCENA Prima.

Enter Thomyris, Women, Guards, and Soldiers.

Thom **C**ome, my brave Friends, I see you are resolv'd
To follow me, and share your Queens worst Fate.
Remember first who 'tis you go to fight with,
Cyrus, a braver Man indeed not lives;
But likewise call to mind your selves, a Nation
That all mankind has look'd upon with wonder,
Envying your State that never yet was Conquer'd;
But oh my Son! We drop the Precious Minutes—
My Spargelyses did last night appear
With the curst Dagger, sticking in his Breast,
(In the same manner as your Eyes beheld him,
When Cyrus sent the Royal Body home,)

Let

Let *Balthazar* still drown in Luxury,
Devour'd by *Cycophants*, undone by Harlots,
Whilst with your Aid I act such mighty things,
As never Woman yet perform'd, nor Man
Cou'd do.

Enter to them Abradatas, and Panthea, Hystaspes, and Guards.

Panth. O Sacred joy! — Cou'd I have thought once more
To kneel before you, and have in these Arms
The kindest Mother, and the best of Queens?

Abrad. O blest *Panthea's* Mother, Godlike *Thomyris*!

Thomy. Rise, dear Children,
Bend only to the Gods, and not to me,
To that Ambitious, happy God, who wrested
This gallant Action from my feeble Arm,
And only wou'd ingross the glorious Deed.

Panth. That God was *Cyrus*; who, alas! Tormented
With Jealousy, the worst of all Loves Tortures,
Besides the dismal sight of *Cyaxares*,
Dying before his Eyes, slain by the Hand
Of *Abradatas*, whom of all mankind
It was expected, he the least should pardon;
Yet notwithstanding all those fierce assaults
On his brave mind, to his eternal Fame,
He has restor'd *Panthea* to her wishes,
And a lov'd Rival to his Mistress Arms.

Abrad. But we forget how soon th' assault begins,
Spite, and ambitious Rage have lent him Wings,
With which w're to expect him at our Backs,
Rushing to overtake us with more speed,
Than falling Torrents, or the swiftest Tyde.

Hyst. With *Balthazar* he now intends to fight —
Love that so long mis-led his Warlike Genius,
And turn'd him from the Path of his ripe Glory,
Having at length o'recome this worst of Foes,
This Moment he intends to end the War,
And with quick Marches rouze up the *Affyrians* —
I hear him coming: For on this large Plain
Betwixt both Camps, he forms his mighty Battel.

[*Cyr. Trumpets within.*

Thomy. Now, now methinks I feel the noble Fire
That first inspir'd our Amazonian Chief,
When like a Star, shot from our Northern Sphere,
Her Courage ev'ry where like light display'd,
And gave the World a wonder to all Ages —

Cyrus the Great: Or,

Does not this news inspire you Country Men?
 Kindle a Flame through all your Frozen Sinews,
 Which the Sun Beams cou'd never do to Scythia —
 Go, Abradatas, mount thy dreadful Chariot,
 Arm'd like the God of Thunder, Jove himself,
 Send from thy Rage his Lightning, and his Bolts :
 Let the wild Steeds the wing'd Winds out-fly,
 And the sharp hooks like Death mow all before thee,
 Whilst their carv'd Limbs, and mangled Bodies drop,
 Like Fields of Corn before the Reapers Hand.

Hyst. I have Commands to wait you to the Camp,
 Thence to return with all the faithfullst speed,
 And meet my Master in Bellonias Arms.

Abra. Away, let's rouze the sleepy Baltbazar,
 Fierce as a Lyon, waking to revenge.

Panth. Come, Abradatas, see what Love has for thee,
 Which take as Presents from Panthea's hand ;
 Trophies far Richer then Ulysses strove for,
 And when I've seen my Mars in his Thron'd Chariot,
 Return I will, and in my Closet kneel,
 And never rise till thou Victorious be,
 Thinking of nothing but the Gods, and thee.

Abra. Prepare my Soldiers —— Hear you what he says?
Panthea calls, Panthea is the Word.

[Exeunt.]

As they are going off, enter on the other side, Cyrus, Cræsus, Artabasus,
Soldiers, Guards, Sound of a March.

Cyr. Something, my fellow Soldiers, I would say —
 The Gods have often prov'd by your success
 That in your Breasts Divinities are stamp'd
 With all their Heav'nly Courages inspir'd ;
 The Sword is not so used to cut and slaughter,
 When guided by some sure, and mighty Arm,
 As you to fight and overcome —— I will
 Not boast, nor talk what I have done ;
 But let me tell you, I am Cyrus still,
Cyrus, that will not prize this worthless Life,
 Nor yet refuse to put it in the Scale,
 Weighed with the danger of the meanest Soldier,
 But follow you as well as lead you on,
 There is but this one Battel
 That parts us from the Empire of the World —
 Who wou'd not venture his last drop of Blood,

When

When this sole Action makes us All, or Nothing ;
This over, we'll to *Babylon* retire,
Whence as the Hill of all the World, you may
Behold your several stately Provinces,
And I the only Man that e'er look'd down
Upon so many gallant Heroes at
One time, and blest an Army made of Kings.

Cræs. Haste, for I long to face this Cursed Tyrant,
'Till he has let out from the Heart of *Cræsus*
The Father's Blood, and stab'd the Daughter's Image
Here in my heart — She calls on me to go
And end my Miseries where they first had being.

Cyr. O *Cræsus* wound her not again, she's here,
The weight hangs heavier on me than thou seest —
Father — For henceforth thou shalt ever be so,
Let's have no thought to Day but of Revenge,
Deaf to the Charms of Grief, and more remorseless
Than Winds, or hideous Storms, or groaning Earthquakes,
Hide the least Species of our swelling Griefs,
As Streams are Coated in a Frosty Night —
But after Conquest, like a sudden Thaw,
We'll melt into a Delugé, and the World
Shall drown in tears — The Gods shall wonder at our Sorrows —
And for thy Daughter *Babylon* shall Mourn,
And nod its Spiring Pinacles to th' ground.
No more shall gaudy Worship fill the Town,
The Temples with their awful Shrines and Gods
Shall cast their Crowns and Golden Habits off,
And in exchange wear Rags and Ashes on
Their Heads — Then she shall have a Monument
Shall stop the Sun to cast his wondering Eye,
Astonish'd at the height, the vastness, and
The Richness of it — My Treasure, nay the Worlds
Huge Mass shall all be melted to an Urn,
And the proud Greatnes of *Massolus* Tomb,
With those vast Pyramids by Hebrew Slaves
Built to the Skye, shall all be Dwarfs beneath it —
This shall the Gods and I bequeath to thy *Lausaria*.

Cræs. On then, thou Glorious Conqueror —
Fate like a Cloud hangs o're th' *Affyrians* heads,
The God whom all the World with dread admires,
The *Hebrews* Worship, and th' *Egyptians* fear,
Has call'd thee by a Miracle to be
The King of this Great Empire, and the World.

Cyr. If the wise God shew ought of me, declare it.

Cræs. Last Night the Drunken *Balthazar* Carous'd

Cyrus the Great: Or,

With all his vicious Concubines about him,
 And Beardless Minions, far more lewd than Women;
 Then in a Pride he took the Holy Treasure
 Brought from the wondrous Fane of *Solomon*,
 And in the Sacred Cups made impure Healths
 Go round, and drank to th' Immortality
 Of their proud King, who had in spight of Heav'n,
 And its scorn'd Power committed such a Rape
 Upon the Richest Shrine of all the World.

Cyr. What but the wrath of Heaven, and dreadful Ruine
 Cou'd follow such a Sacrilege!

Craef. This horrid Deed drew awful Thunder from
 Th' impatient hand of the wrong'd Deity,
 Whilst straight a dreadful Clap was hear'd, and Lightning
 With a fierce Rage struck through their guilty Eyes,
 And on a sudden snatch'd away the Flames
 That gave the Tapers light, then in thick Darkness
 The horrid sounds of dying groans ascended,
 And dismal Voices pierc'd the trembling Earth,
 Whilst straight a yet more strange and dreadful Scene disclos'd,
 A Bloody Hand appear'd upon the Wall,
 With a bright Bracelet set with flaming Stars,
 Dazeling the Eyes of all th' astonish'd Crowd,
 Then with a Finger which distill'd warm Gore,
 The God wrote Words in Characters of *Hebrew*,
 Which by a Wise Religious Captive of
 That Nation, was Interpreted of *Cyrus*,
 That you should be the Assertor of his God,
 Who gave *Affyria* to the *Medes* and *Persians*.

Cyr. O my dark Soul ! Is there a Mighty God !
 (As sure there must) in whose admir'd Belief
 My Mother's Breasts ne're Nurs'd my Infancy,
 Whose Being was before all Beings else,
 Who is the Source, Beginning, and the End
 Of all, yet has no Source, Original,
 Nor Ending, but art that of which is all
 Compos'd, and yet art still the same, and not
 The less, nor greater — If then such thou art,
 O help me, guide me by thy Sacred Power
 To be the Man this Miracle has meant.

Enter to them *Hystaspes*, and *Guards*.

Hystasp. Make ready, Sir, th' *Affyrians* are approaching,
 Pusht on at length by your indulgent Fate,

The Tragedy of Love.

49

To a desparing Courage—Fierce *Thomyris*
And *Balthazar* are joyn'd—And *Abjadatas*
Sits in his Chariots, midst a thousand Deaths ;
He, with five hundred of those hooked Waggons
Protects the Right Wing of the Tyrant's Army,
And *Thomyris* with all her of Strength the Left—
But Oh! Had you then seen *Panthea*'s Courage,
You cou'd not blame the Fates to be divided,
How to bestow this mighty Victory ;
Whether to her, as Challeng'd by such Virtue,
Or Crown your Brave, and still Triumphant Brow.

Cyr. What sayst—My Soul stands listning at my Ears,
And fain I wou'd hear someting of *Panthea*.

Hyft. Fierce *Abjadatas* she her self saw mounted,
Clad in an Armour far more Rich and Noble,
Than that which *Vulcan* made the God of War,
Which the Skill'd Workman hammer'd from pure Gold,
And ev'ry joint with Diamond Stars had nail'd.

'Twere long to tell you how much breath she sigh'd,
The thousand Tears she shed for grief, and joy ;
'Till the shril Trumpets call'd him swift away,
O Then she rais'd her tender voice more Charming,
And more provoking than the Wars loud Musick ;
Clasp'd her soft Hands about the guilded Spokes,
And kiss'd the Chariot Wheels ;
The fiery Steeds, as if then flash'd with Lightning,
Upon a sudden started from her hold,
Swift as an Arrow from a *Scythian* Bow,
And left her senseless, clinging to the ground.

Cyr. Enough, th'ast said too much—Sound, Sound a Charge,
I'll shut my loitering Soul close in her Home,
That she shall never have the power to send
One Truant Thought abroad, not the least glance,
Or secret wish after forbidden Love.

[Charge sounds.]

Cræs. Lead us to Victory that the Gods have shewn thee.

Cyr. Yes *Cræsus*, yes—We come, dear slaughter'd Uncle,
To give an Army to thy Funeral Pomp—
See, see, thy Daughter's Spirit, like *Jove*'s Eagle,
Sails o're our heads with Lawrels in her Beak—

Now, now's the Sign to draw your Conquering Swords,
Cy'axares, and *Lausaria* are the Words.

[Excutt Omnes.]

H

Scene

Cyrus the Great: Or,

Scene draws, and discovers a great Battle between both Armies: Cyrus, Balthazar, and Thomyris seen Fighting at their Heads. Battle over, a Retreat is sounded. Scene shuts, and then Enter Cyrus, Cræsus, and Guards.

Cyr. Now, *Cræsus*, the *Affyrian* War is over
And *Balthazar* is Slain—— Thou feest him drop,
Whilst his Blasphemous Soul burst by my side,——
His Spirit groan'd, and gave a horrid flight——
This was the bloodiest Battle to our Foes,
That e'er my Sword yet won.

Re-enter Artabasus.

Arta. Greatest of Kings,
Immortal may'st thou live, and ever Reign——
More than two hundred thousand of your Foes
Lie breathless in the Field—— None but a few
With the bold *Scythians* make a quick Retreat.

Re-enter and Hystaspes.

Cræs. Kings, Senates, and the World obey thee, *Cyrus* ;
For lo the Gods did never at a time
Heap so much Greatness on one Man before.

Cyr. What is become of Valiant *Abradatas* ?

Hyft. Something to his misfortune we must owe:
For with a Drove of hooked Chariots which
He led, he first began a dreadful Slaughter,
'Till the fierce Steeds, stung with the pointed Darts,
Started, recoil'd, and overthrew their Guiders,
Then, like a Whirlwind, broke through their own Ranks,
And where 'twas thickest, mow'd a dismal passage,
That the sad spaces midst their numbers look'd
Like empty Ridings through a Forrest cut,
So *Abradatas* is by all Men thought
From his fierce Chariot to be hurl'd and torn.

Cræsus

The Tragedy of Love.

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Cræs. But the Brave *Scythian* Queen retreating fights,
And whilst the *Homotym*s are eager in
Pursuit, as a Stout Lyon that is hunted,
Turns eager on the nearest of his Foes,
And tears 'em piece meal, then retreats again ;
So in their flight, the *Scythians* send huge showers
Of Mortal Arrows on the Conquerours Faces.

Cyr. My self will haste with the *Cadusian* Archers,
And gaul their backs with much more dreadful Flights.

Cræs. Mingle not Sir, in the unruly Chace —
We beg you wou'd retire into the Camp,
Your Wounds, and Labour ask some quick relief.

Cyr. Fly then, *Hydaspe*, to the *Homotym*s,
Bid 'em their vain and eager Chace give o're ;
In the mean time, you valiant *Cræsus* may
Wheel round about 'em with your *Lydian* Horse,
And beat 'em in their Front.

Cræs. It shall be done —
Expect my Death, or the brave Queen a Prisoner.

Cyr. Attend me but at Distance for a Moment.

[*Exeunt Cræsus and Hydaspe*.]

What is it to rule the World,
To hold the wealth, and sumpter of the Earth,
And find it all but Dreams of Happiness,
As I do ?

[*Going off*, *Lausaria's Ghost* rises to him.

What object does my flattering Eyes present !
The *Lydian* Princeſs, ha, it is ! tis ſhe,
Or eſe ſome Star, the darling of the Sky,
Dropt from the Gods, and Pattern'd in her Likeneſs ! —
But ha ! if this ſhoud prove a Dream,
Thou look'ſt quite thro' me, ſpeak, if thou art *Lausaria* !

Ghoſt. O *Cyrus*, I am come from far to blame thee,
To chide my Love, and ſtand 'twixt him and Ruin.

Cyr. Thou art alive then ! ha ! and thou canſt talk too —
O ſacred joy ! — Who told me thou wert dead ?

— Thou look'ſt thin, pale and wan,
Give me thy cold fair hand in mine, and let me lead thee
From the cold Mansion of the Grave ;
To a warm room in *Cyrus* Breast for ever.
Where is thy hand ? — Ha ! Thou art fled, and hid
As in a miſt, thou dazeſt every Sense,
And mak'ſt thy *Cyrus* giddy to behold thee.

Ghoſt. Ah ! *Cyrus*,
Thou may'ſt as well grasp Water, or fleet Air,

Cyrus the Great: Or,

As think of touching my Immortal Shadow—

I am the wandering Spirit of *Lausaria*,
That still dotes on thee in her Solitude;
So well, that when thou think'st but of *Panthea*,
By secret Charms thou call'st me from my quiet,
And givest my Soul no rest below, nor Peace above.

Cyr. A cold and sudden damp sits on me round,
Thy Eyes run pointed with thy wrongs, and shoot
Quite through my Heart, as thy keen Spirit with horrour
Pierces the ground, and glances through the Air—
Thou strik'st a terror trembling in my Blood,
And I with torture find thou art a thing
Immortal—

Speak, awful Shade, what brings thee from thy Rest?

Ghost. When I had pass'd the Lake that leads to Bliss,
(Bliss so unjustly term'd by Mortals here,)
To those dull Shades, *Elizium* fondly call'd;
Where the sad Scene gives mournful Lovers Souls
A Melancholly Prospect of Delight;
I heard the Powers of Hell
Call for the Fates to cut thy thread before 'em—
What shall be done, said they, with this Great Man,
This Barbarous Hunter of the World, and Love?
Let us ordain that by a Woman's Hand
His blood be in a fatal moment spilt,
So to Revenge the Sex's wrongs at once—
Haste from the Field— Beware th' inrag'd *Thomyris*—
Come, follow me, I'll shew thee such a Sight
Shall Cure thy Breast of all Love's Wounds for ever.
Hold, stay, and take my Ghost along with thee.

Ghost. O Live, I charge you—
Live happy as a God on Earth, live ever;
Each drop of Blood you drain from that brave Breast,
You double all the Pangs upon my Soul—
O think that on your Joys depend my Bliss,
Your Torment is my Hell, your Happiness
My blest *Elizium*— Follow me, I Charm you,
By all the pity once you pay'd my Love,
By all the Love you owe my Memory.

Cyr. Lead then the way, thou brightest Angel Guide,
Conduct me quickly to thy blest Abode.

Ghost. The Minute's come— This way, thou gallant *Cyrus*.

Cyr. I follow thee, and if my Body proves too heavy,
I'll throw it off, and mount all Soul to reach thee.

Scene Draws, and discovers Panthea with her Women weeping o're the mangled Body of Abradatas, whose Limbs she had seemingly fix'd to his Body, a Dagger in her hand.

Panth. I charge you live—Live to excuse my Fault,
And sooth the sorrows of the sad *Thomyris* ;
The Story of our Deaths told from your Mouths,
May from her tender Eyes draw floods of Tears,
But the sad Object would have kill'd her quite—
Likewise relate the dismal Scene to *Cyrus* ;
Tell it with all the pity that in grief
Can be express'd—Be sure t'adorn our Ends
As sumptuously with Sorrow as you can—
But oh ! you need not—Tell 'em as they were,
And your sad tun'd Description will surpass
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb shew of Horrour
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld—

Wom. O cast that Weapon from you—

Panth. Vex me not—
What, can't I be obey'd in Death—Now, now,
My dearest Partner of my Soul, I come :
Look back as thou art in the Milky Road to Bliss,
And take thy lov'd *Pantaea* with thee.

Wom. Still you advance that dreadful Weapon.

Panth. No more—These Hands and Feet which the sharp Scythes
Mow'd from thy lovely Body, I have try'd
A thousand times to joyn 'em with my Kisses,
But 'tis in vain—O you Immortal Powers!
Cannot these Lips so Deify'd, restore
One hour of Life—See what Idolaters
You are, false Men !—You Lying Prophets say
A Kiss, a Sigh, a Tear from those you Love,
Can fetch you from the Grave to Life again,
And make a God of the least Doting Swain.
But I have groan'd ten thousand Sighs and Wishes,
And bath'd his Body all, all o're in Tears,
Yet find 'em all too little; one small drop
Of Rain is worth an Ocean of these Pearls;
That gives the sweets that from the Roses flow,
And makes the Violets and the Lillies grow.

Yet

Cyrus the Great: Or,

Yet I cannot restore one Finger back
To Life, unless my heart's warm blood can do it.

Panthea Stabs her self, and just as she gave the Wound Cyrus Enters, led in by
the Ghost, the Ghost vanisheth.

Cyr. Ah ! cruel, spiteful—yet thou lovely Spirit
Coud'st thou not bring me one half moment sooner ?
Give me this Dagger, and I'll plunge it in my Breast,
Wipe off the stain of thy most precious Blood,
And reak it in my own ; revenge thy wrongs,
And please Lausaria's Ghost, whose shadow haunts me—

Pantb. This Weapon I'll not part with—
This Glorious Relique here that sets me free ;
Thus I will hold it, brandish'd up on high,
And die with the lov'd Passport in my Hand—
Live, happy, Cyrus, may these ills forewarn thee
To shun the fatal Deed of crossing Love,
Love that will ne'er be stop'd, but have its Course,
Or overflow to drowning with the least resistance.

Cyr. O forgive me, blest Panthea ;
And the same time thou leav'st thy lovely Body,
Forgive my passion too, and carry with thee
My Pardon to be Seal'd by all the Gods,
And by the Soul of thy departed Love,
And tell him how I took his hand in mine,
Wash'd with thy Tears, and bath'd in my Repentance,
And put it to my eager Lips, and ask'd
His pardon thus—Ha ! Horror ! Worse than Horror.

[Cyrus taking Abradata's hand, offering to put
it to his mouth, it comes from the Body ;
Panthea places it again.]

Pantb. What have you done ? Why touch you him so rudely ?
Give me this Hand back to my Lips again—
These marvellous Limbs with industry I fought
Amidst an hundred heaps of mangl'd Bodies,
And pick'd and cull'd 'em, as is sifted Gold
Parted from loads of common Drofs ;
And plac'd each torn-off Member in its proper state,
Just as you see—Forbear again to touch him,

For they are ev'ry one alike dismember'd,
Mow'd by the Hooks of his own dreadful Chariot,
Fierce as the Horses wildest rage cou'd guide 'em —
I feel Death's giddy vapour in my Eyes,
And covers all my Senses on a fuddain —
Lay me — O lay me gently by my Lord.

Cyr. Die all that's good — die Sacred Love and Friendship.
Let none presume to say that Virtue lives,
That Beauty gilds the World, now she is dead.

[Dies.]

Enter to Cyrus, Thomyris, Women and Soldiers, as persu'd.

Thom. There, there's the dreadful summ of all our Woes ;
Look there, my Friends — What, Cyrus Mourning o're 'em ?
Run, run, with speed, and snatch his hated Life —
Quick, e're your Foes that have you in the Chase,
Prevent you — Hold — And shall a dye by Slaves ! —
There is some Pity to his Virtue due.

Cyr. Ha ! Am I then surpriz'd — I was to blame —
Though I abhor to live, yet loth I am
To dye by Treachery, and Cowards Hands.

Thom. Look, Cyrus, look, I am thy Mortallest Foe —
Thou dwell'st o're the sad Ruines there, which I
Look on with Horrour, at so great a distance —
Do, glut thy self — Call likewise to thy Mind,
My *Spargepyses* Blood, and think the Fates
Are gentle still — Bend, bend your Bows,
Draw every one a Dart up to the Head,
And send a thousand winged Deaths to seize him —
Yet hold — My self the glorious deed will do.

Cyr. Thou dar'st not, sure ! — Naught but thy VVomans Spleen
Cou'd be Seducer to such base Revenge.

Thom. Talkest thou ! — Now to thy Heart this pointed Justice.

[As she is ready to shoot at him, Laufaria's Ghost rises up betwixt them,
and stands before Cyrus, and Faces Thomyris.

Hah ! sure there is something there controls my Hand ?
Or I am lost in a wild Maze of Fancy —
What shining Form is that so fills my Eye !
Cyrus, thy Guardian Genius 'tis protects thee,
That with her tender Wings Roots o're thy Head,
And with a Look shoots awful Brightnes through me,

And

Cyrus the Great: Or,

And Fetters every thing that's brave within me —
My Sinews slack, and Nature at this Sight
Shrinks back to her first feeble Infancy.

Sold. You stand amaz'd — Let's kill him whilst we may.

Thom. Hold, Villains — What, through her Immortal Body !
Your Darts would all turn Heads against *your* selves ;
You might as soon touch the bright shining *Sun*,
Or fix your Arrows in the Marble *Skye* —
Loose, loose your Strings, and let fall all your Bows,
And to appease that Goddess, Worship him,
That all the World is destin'd to Obey.

*Re-enter Cræsus, Hydaspes, Gobrias, and Artabasus, shouting,
Ghost vanishes.*

Cræf. He lives, is safe; thanks to the Immortal Powers.

Cyr. I charge you on your Lives, none touch the Queen,
And hurt no man but such as shall resist.

Thom. 'Twas never known, that any *Scytbian* yet
Did yield his Person, or his Weapon up.
Then, *Cyrus*, since great *Baltazar* is slain,
And all our Lives too mean to adorn thy Triumph :
O give, without denial, to these Tears,
Pantaea's and her *Abraadata's* Bodies :
Then undisturb'd, let us forsake this place,
Of all the World the fatallest to *Thomyris*.

Cyr. 'Tis granted, and you may with safety go —
Cyrus can do no less to such a Queen,
Whose brave and generous Pity fav'd his Life — ;
But begs that you would make the Town your way ;
My Crowns, my happiness, and Life to me
Is not so dear as what you carry with you —
There you shall see what mourning *Babylon*
Can do ; the Fires, the Temples, and the Urns
That shall adorn these Lovers Funerals ;
Cyprus, instead of Lawrel, Wreaths shall bind
The Conquerours Brows, and Groans instead of Shouts
shall fill the Streets, the Houses Lamentations ;
All the vast City shall indeed appear,
But one wide spacious Room fill'd full of Sorrow.

Thomy. No, no, cover the Bodies from their Eyes,
Then in a Mourning Chariot place the Bridgroom,
And his pale Bride so leaning on his Cheek — .

Cyrus, farewell — And may'st thou live to be
Unconquer'd still, and great as Creetan *Jove* — .

Beat a dead March — Let Trumpets hoarsest sound
Fright Birds of softer Musick from the Air,
And naught be heard but Horrour and despair.

[*Exeunt Thomyris, and all her Party, bearing away the Bodies of Panthea, and Abradatas. Dead March Sounds.*]

Hyst. Live happy as a God, and o're past miseries
Rejoyce — Fate is your slave, and puts and End
To all your toyls this day — The conquered Globe
Has not that Monster now that from its Chains
Durst stir to interrupt your sacred Bliss —
Go, for new Pleasures Court you ev'ry where,
And having spread your Laws o're all the Earth,
And settl'd first the Business of the World,
Think then to make your *Median* Kingdoms happy,
And there in Person wed the fair *Mandana*,
Whose Youth and Beauty shall like buds increase,
Still grow upon you, and with fresher Charms
Supply your Soul, and make your joys Immortal.

Cyr. Come, Fellow Souldiers, let's to *Babylon*,
Empress of Nations, and great Queen of Cities —
Make haste, my Friends, and share the World with me,
All shall have some — Amongst the meanest here
I'll throw Rewards they shall not live to spend,
And scatter Provinces as thick as Drachma's —
First with *Lausaria*'s Funerals we'll begin ;
Three Days with strictest Mourning shall be kept,
And all things else forgotten for that time ;
These Hands her fragrant Funeral Pile shall burn,
And Princes shall Officiate at her Urn —
I Invite you all to come and weep with me,
O're this rare Miracle of Constancy ;
Let the loud War to gentler Griefs remove,
And mourn with us the Tragedy of Love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPilogue,

Spoken by the *Boy* and *Girl*, by way of
Dialogue.

Curtain falls.

Girl. **H**OLD, hold, is the Play done?

Boy. Ay, pretty Rogue.

Girl. What a New PLAY without an Epilogue?

Boy. Lausaria's dead, Panthea too is slain,
And wou'd you have dead Bodies rise again?

That were indeed a very pretty Fact,
You had enough of that in the First ACT.

Girl. Why, what d'you make of Mr. Betterton?

Boy. The Curtain's dropt, and he is glad he's gone;
The Poet too, has loaded him so sore,
He scarce has breath enough for one word more.
Since most of the Old Actors then are kill'd,
And the Great Hero has forsook the Field;
What if we did; to cover such a Blot,
Address our selves toth' Audience?

Girl. That's well thought,

And since we must say something, pray begin;
To you the Ladies, I the Gentlemen.

Boy. Ladies, if you will to our PLAY be kind,
May every one, their dear last Wishes find;

May.

EPilogue.

May Virgins those enjoy they value best,
And Wives their Husbands kindness to the last.
At Bassett may your Good Luck so continue,
And win the Gamester's Heart, as well as Guiney.

Girl. And Gentlemen, if you will like our PLAY,
May this good Fate attend you ev'ry day.

Let no rude Boreas, from his Boisterous Cell,
Prophane the Curl that on your Wigg sits well.
Nor brush the Sacred Powder from the Cloaths
Of two such Sights of dainty dap'l'd Beaux.

May nothing bring you out of humour hither,
Nor Hackney-Coach be wanting in wet weather.

Boy. Ladies, w're almost sure of your good Natures,
'Twere Cruel to deny such Little Creatures.

Girl. And if the Men mislike, or make a puther,

Boy. Evads we'll fit 'em for't one way or other.

'Tis a wise Child that knows its Father, Sirs
For ought we know, we may be some of yours,
Wee'll come and lay our selves before your Doors.

FINIS.

These Plays following are Printed for, and Sold by R. Bentley in Russell-street, in Covent-Garden.

PLAYS Written by Mr. Banks.

1. **R**ival Kings.
2. **D**estruction of Troy.
3. **E**ssex and Elizabeth.
4. **A**nn of Bullen.
5. **J**ane Grey, or the Innocent Usurper.
6. **M**ary Queen of Scotland.
7. **C**yrus the Great, or the Tragedy of Love.

PLAYS Written by Mr. Lee.

1. **S**ophonisba; or Hamilcar's Overthrow.
2. **N**EKO; every man is mad.
3. **G**loriana; or, the Court of Julius Caesar.
4. **A**lexander the Great.
5. **M**ysbridares, King of Pontus.
6. **T**iberius; or, the Force of Love.
7. **C**esar Borgia.

8. **L**ucius Junius Brutus.

9. **C**onstantine.

10. **O**edipus, King of Thebes.

11. **T**he Duke of Guise.

12. **T**he Massacre of Paris.

13. **T**he Princels of Cleve.

PLAYS Written by Mr. Otway.

1. **A** Lictorides.

2. **A** Friendship in Fashion.

3. **T**he Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.

4. **T**he Souldiers Fortune.

5. **T**he Second Part of the Souldiers Fortune.

6. **T**hus and Service, with the Cheats of Spain.

7. **V**enice Preserv'd, or the Plot Discover'd.

8. **D**on Carlos Prince of Spain.

9. **T**he History and Fall of Caius Marius.

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